

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## OLD HABITS COMPARED WITH NEW.

To a person who, like the writer, can look back upon more than three-score and ten years of intelligent existence, it is amusing if not instructive — and may be both to others — to recall the changes in the habits, manners, and conveniences of social life he has witnessed within that period.

If, among habits, we include 'the fashions,' the alterations, or rather alternations, will be found much greater than in either of the other classes. But before exhibiting them, it may be as well to generalize the term, and notice some of those customs of society which, next to fashions, have undergone the greatest oscillations, and, like comets still in their aphelion, may return before the sun sets upon the present generation. One of these prevailed once in Denmark, where it was denounced by the Prince-philosopher of that ancient kingdom, as 'more honored in the breach than in the observance.' The present age deserves no greater credit for any thing than for its improvement in the particular which called forth the animadversion of Hamlet. When I was a young man — and I was told it was so earlier — it was only by a resolute exertion of self-denial and resistance to temptation that a guest could escape sober from a dinner-party. Nor was the difficulty peculiar to parties consisting wholly of young men; nor to those composed of the young and the old together; for many who were 'old enough to know better,' were apt to indulge in greater excesses than those who were young enough to call them fathers. Some of these grave and reverend seniors, were renowned as three, or even five-bottle men, especially two wine-merchants of the same name, as well as of the same trade, who, if they agreed in nothing else, agreed in setting the same example to their customers.

These bibulous heroes, however, though Irishmen, were excelled by a certain Scotch peer, who held a military command in Canada during the war of 1812. Upon the restoration of peace, this doubly-redoubtable hero visited New-York, and shortly after his arrival was invited to

dine by one of the most famous of our Amphytrions, and in honor of the occasion carried off the contents of six bottles under his belt ; but, by way of apology, declared that he had never *tasted* such Madeira before ! The reformation in this respect is to be ascribed to the general refinement of the sentiments and manners of the community, and to the example of temperate, not temperance-men.

Connected with this excess was the fashion of challenging each other during the repast to 'take wine,' and this repeatedly, till the circle of the table had been completed. Thus, at large parties, the weak heads were endangered before the cloth was removed. Nor was this practice confined to the gentlemen, except as challengers. Where ladies were of the party, the invitation was, in preference and politeness, given to them, and readily accepted ; but not as promptly as by the ladies in Dublin, of whom it is reported that if a gentleman looked at one, she would answer, 'Port, Sir, if you please.'

Then again, at the dessert, toasts were given, and an opportunity thus afforded to both belles and beaux, of proposing the health of their favorites ; while statesmen and politicians availed themselves of it, to honor their associates and leaders. A memorable instance of this kind occurred at the table of the elder President Adams, where Gouverneur Morris, then a senator in Congress from this State, was among the invited. It was at the time of the feud existing between the President and General Hamilton, arising from the animadversions of the latter upon the sudden and disgraceful compromise of our differences with the French Republic. Mr. Morris was called on by Mrs. Adams for a toast. 'Madam,' said he, 'I will give you the health of my friend Hamilton.' The lady indignantly replied : 'Sir, that is a toast never drank at this table.' 'Suppose then, Madam,' was the cool rejoinder, 'we drink it now for the first time.' 'Mr. Morris !' exclaimed the excited hostess, 'if you persist, I shall invite the ladies to withdraw.' 'Perhaps,' retorted the imperturbable Senator, 'it is time for them to retire.' The signal was given, and as the ladies rose in obedience to it, the Senator sprang from his seat, and stumped upon his wooden leg to the door, threw it wide open, and with his constitutional effrontery fairly bowed Mrs. Adams and her ladies out of the room.

After his retirement from public life, Mr. Morris, so long as he remained a bachelor, dispensed a liberal hospitality at his seat at Morrisania. He was noted for the excellence of his *cuisine*, and for the quality of his French and German wines, not less than for other luxuries which, as a Sybarite, he indulged in, as well as for the splendor of his whole establishment. With a generosity and discrimination not very common among his contemporaries, he sometimes extended his dinner-invitations to 'rising young men.' Whether falling within that category or not, I happened to be present at one of these parties, when my neighbor at table, who was addicted to smoking, inquired of the host, by way of hint for the introduction of segars, 'whether the gentlemen in France,' (where Mr. Morris had been Minister,) 'ever smoked ?' 'Gentlemen smoke nowhere,' was the curt and emphatic answer.

From the *habits* of convivial life, the transition is natural to those which adorn or disfigure the person ; and in these the contrast, if not

the improvement, is greater than in the former. I am old enough to remember the reign of cocked hats, and embroidered clothes among the men, and of hoops, stays, stomachers, and towering head-dresses among the women. The first three were decidedly graceful, and imparted an air of dignity to the person, even where nature had denied it. But it is wonderful that any taste not corrupted by fashion, could be reconciled to the preposterous head-castles of the women, or to the *queues* and *toupées* of the men. My father's suits of blue and silver, claret and gold, or plain black velvet, with swords to match, seemed to atone for his frizzed and powdered hair, gathered in a silken bag, or bound in ribbon, hanging like a tail behind ; but I never could endure the high coiffure of my mother, especially when she was compelled to have it built up the day before a City Assembly, or grand private party, and consequently to pass the night with what sleep she could get in an easy-chair. This absurd fashion, however, was not a modern invention ; but was known at Rome in the time of Juvenal, whose satire it provoked :

*'Tot premit ordinibus, tot ad huc compagibus altum,  
Edificavit caput ; Andromachen a fronte videbis ;  
Post minor est.'*

Diluted thus in Dryden's translation :

*'With curls on curls they build the head before,  
And mount it with a formidable tower :  
A giantess she seems ; but look behind,  
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.'*

This monstrosity was revived in France under Louis XIV., whence, of course, it travelled to England, where it attained its height in the reign of Queen Anne, and was ridiculed with the delicate tact and refined humor of Addison, in the 'Spectator.' This extinguished it for a time. Upon its reappearance in the reign of George the Second, it was attacked, among other modes, by a caricature, representing a victim under the hands of a hair-dresser, constructing the edifice from the top of a step-ladder.

The inconvenience attending this fashion was met subsequently by the substitution of *wigs*, introduced, no doubt, for the relief of those unfortunate dames who were shorn of their natural curls, or whose tresses had been bleached by time ; but eventually adopted by those who, possessing a sufficient quantity of both, were desirous of avoiding the pain and tedium incident to the rearing of the pile, with combs and curling-tongs, securing it with pins and pomatum, and ornamenting it with powder, feathers, gauze, and jewels.

Against stays and hoops I shall venture to say nothing, as they have reappeared with some improvement. The old fabric of kid and whale-bone has given place to more pliable materials, and to a more natural shape of the *corsage*, which is not cut in front as low as its predecessor ; although, by way of compensation, it is reduced to a lower depth behind, where, however, the exposure is modest compared with the exhibition made *before*. The revival of the inner buttress of the petticoats is confined, as yet, to the bell-hoop — which may be suffered to

pass without censure, except as a globular superfluity, swelling the diameter of the person beyond reasonable and convenient bounds. Should it, however, expand to the dimensions of the '*old Court*'-hoop, which extended at right-angles to the boddice, as far as the tips of the fingers could reach, it would deserve what, as long as it was or shall be the fashion, it never did or will receive, the severest denunciation of the admirers of female grace and elegance.

Among other nominal reforms, the first French Revolution abolished not only hoops, but the less dispensable article of petticoats, at least all but a single one; and our belles were not ashamed to parade the streets in a costume so transparent as to display their *shapes* almost as plainly, but not always so advantageously, as those of the model-artists of these latter days. Stays and stomachers were also abandoned, and even *waists*; for, following the same revolutionary example, nothing was left to confine the robe to the body but a narrow belt or ribbon, dignified, according to the affectation then in vogue, by the Roman name of *cestus*. This cincture clasped the form as nearly under the arms as the natural ornaments of the bust would admit. The French pattern, like all their innovations, was an exaggerated imitation of the statues of classic antiquity, and our second-hand copy of the fashion was, as usual in similar cases, exaggerated from the French.

With the decay of our national sympathy with the Jacobins of France, the influence of her fashions declined; and the insolence of Citizen Genet, and his consequent dismissal as Minister from the French Republic, contributed materially to destroy it. It was not, however, until the familiars of the secret diplomacy of the French Directory had attempted to tamper with our Envoys in Paris, that short waists and scant petticoats were repudiated. The reform, however, was gradual: and it was only within the last ten years that their fashion assumed its present form. There existed formerly a mysterious appendage to the person too conspicuous to escape notice, of which the ecclesiastical nomenclature must have been derived, previously to reversing its position, from its having been fathered upon some *bishop*, who, perhaps, was *suspended* on that very account; while the name more recently attached to it may have had the same origin, from the *bustle* either exhibited or produced by the same or some other prelate. Be this as it may, as in natural cases, *cessante causa, cessat et effectum*, so let this artificial protuberance be abated also.

'*Revenons a nos*' *tetes de 'moutons'*—wigs worn by men. Without attempting to trace their genealogy beyond their immediate ancestors, the *perruques*, pass we at once to their descendants, as they branched off into three-tail, bob-tail, or no-tail, whether with or without tye-club, queue, or curls—from the full-bottomed buzz wig of the Doctor of Divinity, to the smug caxon sported by his coachman; in one or the other form they were, within my memory, worn almost universally by grave and reverend seniors of every profession and trade. The stupendous fabric of horse-hair which towered upon the head of Bishop Provoost, upon his return from his consecration in England, might have been the prototype of the more celebrated wig of the more celebrated Doctor Parr: yet was it rivalled by those of Doctor Livingston of the

Dutch Reformed, and Doctor Rodgers of the Presbyterian, Churches. But these good men all had smaller ones for ordinary occasions, resembling the secular pattern worn generally with powder by elderly gentlemen of the laity; while the younger members of society were content with their natural locks, if sufficiently disfigured by frizzing in front, and curled, or expanded into *ailes de pigeon* at the side, terminating behind with a club or a queue, or platted and turned up in military style, the whole scented, pomatumed, and frosted with powder. In process of time the club was banished, and long queues reduced to short ones, yecept *codicils*. But at length the whole apparatus exploded, and was succeeded by the natural hair, or its counterfeit, the Brutus wig — the solitary improvement resulting from the French Revolution, and still patronized, as well as its epitome, the *scratch*, by *ci-devant jeunes hommes* of all nations.

The out-door covering for the head at the commencement of the period in question, was a *cocked* or three-cornered hat worn universally by the men. The round hat, in nearly its present form, was confined to youth; though there was an exception in a school-fellow of my own, who made his appearance among us, upon his arrival from England, where he was born, in a cocked-hat, swallow-tailed coat, and knee-breeches — the usual dress at that time of the English youth, but cast off in the Provinces by Young America. This oldest of the friends of my youth is the veritable last of the cocked-hats. Shoes and stockings were worn by old and young, with buckles in the shoes, and at the knee-bands. Boots were monopolized by the military, with a dispensation in favor of civilians who rode on horse-back.

The 'customary suit of solemn black,' now so universal, was appropriated exclusively to mourning, and by the clergy; although considered the proper garb also of the other learned professions, and full dress for all. Frock-coats and pantaloons, with half-boots, came in with the French Revolution. But small-clothes, or shorts, were by no means superseded. Although sily appropriated by the other sex, they were still retained for masculine attire nearly to the present day, of satin, silk, or cassimere for full dress, and of doe-skin or corduroy for riding, with top-boots, such as of late are chiefly confined to grooms and '*sporting gents*.' Strings were first substituted for buckles by the Girondists in France, as commemorated by Canning in his anti-Jacobin poem of the 'New Morality,' where he sneers at 'Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes.'

The long cravat, or scarf, of Mecklin lace, or of cambric — such as are seen in Kneller's or Lely's portraits — was followed by stocks of the latter material; and these, by neckerchiefs of white muslin. The shirt was adorned with frills and ruffles of some of those fabrics, and both its standing and over-lapping collars appeared before the pleated bosom, introduced latterly, with the revival of the black stock and neckerchief, worn at first only by the military. The trowsers, once peculiar to sea-faring men, were adopted for convenience by the Duke of Wellington and his officers in the Peninsular war, and have since become common to all classes. Cloaks, also, were originally a part of the military cos

tume, while the pelisse was the wear of civilians ; and neither have been entirely superseded by more modern inventions. Watch-coats, whose name indicates their origin, were not long confined to the 'sleepy guardians of the night,' but, with the addition of many capes, were adopted first by coachmen, and then by *amateur* Jehus.

The independence of the South-American Provinces was the forerunner of another revolution in over-coats. The opening of their trade furnished the material in sufficient abundance for the manufacture of India-rubber garments and over-shoes. Hitherto this article had been imported through Spain and Portugal, in the shape of small pottles, and used for little other purpose than erasing pencil-marks. Among the various articles now made of it is the *Mackintosh*, so called from the inventor, which, as a top-coat, has been succeeded by the other foreign varieties of *sacques*, *paletots*, and *ponchos*.

Passing from costume to the toilet-table and its accoutrements, the chief modern acquisition is the *attar* of roses, imported by our navy officers, in the early part of the century, from the Mediterranean. Great improvements have within that period been made in the composition and mode of applying a certain mysterious cosmetic, the use of which *should* heighten the complexions of our belles.

The disuse of powder gave birth to the hair-brush, followed by a similar instrument for the *digital extremities* : that for the teeth had, fortunately, long preceded both.

In the habitations of our contemporaries are to be found greater improvements than in the adornment of their persons. Not only have architectural beauty and convenience, both without and within, in regard to materials, as well as form, been consulted and studied ; but a better taste prevails in furniture and other interior embellishments. In respect to these last, perhaps the fault lies in their too great accumulation, in many instances crowding the apartment to the hazard of injuring a costly article, or breaking one's shins. The increased supply of coal, and the improvement in grates and stoves, have added much to domestic comfort in parlor, kitchen, and hall : and the introduction of the Croton-water into our houses affords not merely a culinary convenience, but a luxury in its liberal use, especially in that great preservative of health, the bath.

It would be well, however, if this were the only luxury resulting from the progress of improvement. It is, perhaps, to be feared that the multiplication of the means of physical enjoyment may lead to their abuse ; the accumulation of wealth to extravagance in its use ; and sensuous pleasures to moral and intellectual degradation. There are, however, signal examples to the contrary. Some of our splendid mansions contain collections of books, pictures, and other works of art, which illustrate the cultivation of their owners. But these, unfortunately, are exceptional cases.

The introduction of the steam-power, and engine, and their application to vessels and vehicles, with the more wonderful inventions of the magnetic telegraph, daguerreotypes, etc., I leave to your scientific correspondents, being myself but plain

ABRAHAM ELDERLY.

## 'THE DELUGE' OF THE EDITOR.

MR. L. G. CLARK:

DEAR SIR:

WHEN I was but 'a bit of a boy,'  
 Hard lessons little heeding,  
 I found a flowing flood of joy  
 In KNICKERBOCKER reading.

*First*, IRVING, with his perfect page  
 (Our Koh-i-noor of writing)  
 Quick with youth, but wise as age,  
 And beauty never slighting,  
 Came floating by, and swept along,  
 And flowed and still is flowing:  
 Stolen off by others into song,  
 And bubbled by their blowing.

Then BRYANT, with his solemn stride,  
 Rehearsing to the Future,  
 Moved slowly on at even-tide  
 In deep commune with Nature.

Then PERCIVAL, whose name not yet  
 Is great as Time shall make it,  
 Strewed moral flowers, still dewy-wet,  
 Or stripped a vice stark-naked.

Then WILLIS, like a wayside bee,  
 Twixt saddening sorrow-showers,  
 Hummed mournful round the willow-tree,  
 Or sported 'mid the flowers.

Then tearin', tidy TEDDY POWER!  
 Och, murther! how I laughed,  
 And rolled about upon the floor  
 Till people thought me daft!  
 Sure, POWER was e'en a funny blade,  
 LORD rest his joyous sowl!  
 Och, wirra! 'twas a *sorry* spade,  
 Which dug *that* narrow howl.

Then CONRAD martial music blew,  
 (An organ-rolling verse,)  
 To numbers and to virtue true,  
 Strong, musical, and terse.

And HOSMER mused with moving feet  
 Down syllables of song,  
 Like one who hurries in the street,  
 Yet thinks among the throng.

And happy HOLMES, who takes the step  
 That never fails to tickle us,  
 In stepping down or stepping up,  
 Sublimely or ridiculous.



Then DONALD MITCHELL! *Marvel-*ous dream,  
 Flowing full of solace;  
 Laughing like a summer-stream,  
 Washing like Pactolus.

And HALLECK! I am glad that I  
 Have read some lines of thine,  
 Which ever, like a May-morn sky,  
 Come o'er this earth of mine.

Of MORRIS I have this to say,  
*His* song is now *my own*;  
 Except I whistle, sing, or play,  
 I'll let *that tree* alone.

Ho! ho! JOHN G. SAXE! whose rhyming ride  
 Jingled and jolted poor Miss MCBRIDE,  
 As he sat and drove by that lady's side,  
     In a curious car of fiction;  
 Or *punched* his team with a pointed pun,  
 Till panting Pegasus took to a run,  
     Of double-dealing diction.  
 If SAXE had only opened his eyes  
 At first, where the *Indus* takes its rise,  
 'Neath far-off Eastern India skies,  
     The country of the *Pun-*-jaub;  
 He might have popped his puns about,  
 And punned the Pundits into a pout,  
     For patience has but *one* Job.

LELAND! whose home is a Dutch resort,  
 Or long Dutch oath by way of retort,  
 'A fellow of infinite jest' and sport,  
     And wit exceedingly quick  
 In galloping rhyme, that halts betime,  
 I'll bet \$2.00 against a dime,  
     That CHARLES G. LELAND's a Brick.

And TAYLOR! strolling round the world,  
 Seeking sights and sayings,  
*Goes* with his banner all unfurled,  
     In spite of critic brayings.  
 That eye severe, that Roman nose,  
 Doth indicate the Norman,  
 Whose nature ever onward goes,  
     In citizen or war-man.

Where 'La Belle Rivière's water gleams,  
 Through forest-painted shadows,  
 Coaxing down her hundred streams  
     From wood-lands wild and meadows —  
 Still growing; onward winds along  
 Around the 'dark and bloody ground'  
 Where PRENTICE tunes his fiery song,  
     Illuming all the West around;  
*Bearing the light* for one whose might  
 Shall come, as Mississippi does,  
 From some lone fountain out of sight,  
     To gather every flood that flows.



And mix them all in one assay  
 Of song, beneath his wise control,  
 And pour them through the waiting sea —  
 The grand, great gulf of Western soul.

In the furthest Yankee State,  
 With its turpentine and *tar-ing*,  
 Where the pines and fish are great,  
 And the Liquor law of late  
 Seems to make no little warring;  
 There Dame FREEDOM took a notion  
 In the Autumn ripe and mellow,  
 Near the Atlantic Ocean,  
 And with woman's gentle motion  
 Summoned she our own LONGFELLOW.  
 Mine own scholar,' said our mother,  
 'This is but a land echoing  
 From this ocean to the other;  
 Each lone poet to his brother  
 Blows a reed of foreign growing.  
 Take this alder, growing *here*,  
 Punch the pith out, form and tune it;  
 Blow a blast, and I will hear;  
 Aye! 't is well: it suits *my* ear.  
*Hiawatha!* thou hast done it.'

CURTIS! like a musing owl,  
 Broods o'er the ruined shrines  
 Of Truth and Love — those twins of soul —  
 And 'mid the poison vines  
 That with their gilded fingers  
 Climb the temple of the mind,  
 He sits, and gloats, and lingers,  
 Hooting warnings down the wind;  
 Warnings to ambitious youth,  
 Not to live alone for self,  
 Not to crush his love and truth  
 'Neath the Juggernaut of pelf

And COZZENS! like a country boy  
 When first his time 's his own,  
 Seeks fun and frolic, wo and joy,  
 At every place in town;  
 In 'shooting follies as they fly,'  
 He seldom lets an arrow pass,  
 But twangs away with truest eye  
 From among his *Sparrowgrass*.

ALL THESE I have read, until really my head  
 Is full as a sailor's locker,  
 With a great many more I cannot name o'er  
 Who flourished in KNICKERBOCKER.

I've sat at the 'EDITOR'S TABLE' oft,  
 Like HORNER at his pie,  
 And stared and ate, or rather stuffed,  
 And laughing loud and high —  
 (You know HORNER! don't you? JOHNNY!  
 JOHNNY HORNER of our youth,  
 When our Christmas days were funny,  
 And we took the world for truth.)

Thus KNICKERBOCKER got into my head,  
 And turned my brains about,  
*I'll* write some rhymes, to myself I said,  
 And strive to get them out.

And the inclosed are the rhymes to which I refer. It is a work of supererogation to tell you that it would tickle the 'dull auricular drum' of my vanity to hear you say that you will print them in the KNICKERBOCKER, so that, if death come not shortly, they may carve upon my humble tomb:

'HE, TOO, WAS A KNICKERBOCKER.'

In glorious anticipation of your answer and my gratification, I lean forward in my chair, extend my hand and raise my eyes to the ceiling, (that being, as I understand, the most approved method of appealing to immortality,) and in a proudly-pathetic voice I exclaim: 'He too was a Knickerbocker!'

Yours truly,

J. W. GALLY.

December 12th, 1855, Zanesville, (Ohio.)

## MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

### PAPER ELEVENTH.

THE least streak of gray was discernible in the eastern horizon, when the throbbing beat of the reveillé aroused the sleepers.

Hobbling to a window, I peeped out, half-uncertain of my whereabouts. The diagram, still but faintly visible in the *crepusculum*, greatly aided my recollection of the preceding day, and accounted for my premature though temporary decrepitude. There was the garita, whence the receivers of customs had been scourged to make room for the military; down the street the other way was the spot where my best uniform had been spoiled by the same discharge that brought a heap of masonry on my head, and my humble self unceremoniously to the ground; and to give the picture its essential filling-in, there were many disanimated forms lying just as they fell. So far, so good. The interior of the apartment that had sheltered me for the night was garnished with bricks and mortar, furniture, finery, and fixings, all smashed and crushed into incongruous heaps; and there, too, was the mattress which the wounded man and myself had jointly occupied. I had thrown myself down without removing either belt or boot; and therefore my toilet was the sooner made.

A renewal of hostilities was not expected; for about mid-night the civic authorities — whose deliberations had been hastened by the bombshells that dropped in upon them — sent a flag of truce and a formal capitulation of the city; and, soon after day-break, our decimated 'bar-

barians of the north' were to march in and take full possession. All the men who had not been on duty in the night now crept out of their various lodgings as fast as stiffened joints would permit; and between regaling themselves, and brightening their accoutrements for the grand *entrée*, they were fully employed.

It did not require from my new resident acquaintance, Mr. M —, a very pressing invitation for me to breakfast with his family. He saw me passing his house, and cordially invited me to the matin meal, just as I intended — he had two such pretty daughters! While preparations for the consummation of that desirable object were progressing, a son of mine host and myself strolled through the garden belonging to the premises. Land of poetry and romance, indeed. But a few hours before that, choking with smoke and dust, and deafened by cannon-ading; now, forsooth, culling a bouquet of flowers; and soon after to be listening to the pleasant voice of one who interpreted a language more touching and elegant than that of sound. This is how it came about.

Three female figures sprang up in the path, as if to claim the attentions of a rough knight, hidden from them till then by the trees and bushes.

'Introduce me!' I whispered to my friend of the ruder sex.

'With pleasure. But you seem to recognize two of them — my sisters.'

At that moment they wheeled into the path, fronting us. By way of drawing their fire, I made a salute without waiting for any formalities, thereby gaining for myself the imputation of being an impudent fellow; but the spur and sash are passports to speedy acquaintance with the fair sex.

The two sisters bloomed with the healthful glow of the temperate zone, but their companion wore the complexion of a native. The younger sister was the heroine of the green veil, who during the engagement had planted herself in the exposed window. It was fortunate. The fawn-like native was somewhat confused by the presence of a stranger, and from her manner no conclusion flattering to myself could be drawn. Her constitutional languor forsook her, her eyes lightened, and her whole demeanor intimated that my company would willingly be dispensed with. It was only a summer-cloud, however, and her self-possession returned, as one of the sisters smoothed the way for an introduction. Then the brother, who had the good sense to perceive that he could be dispensed with, made himself scarce; and the elder sister kindly consented to give me a lesson in the figurative language of floral symbols. It was a perilous position for a young bachelor to be in; and it was only a consciousness of being love-proof that gave me courage to proceed; for, although the charmer had a soul as pure as her face was fair, there was a sort of 'win-and-wear-me' look that was extremely dangerous. In that walk through the shrubberies the bouquet was finished — but not by me.

'Wait! don't touch that, pray. There is a superstition among the common people about that particular flower. You see its cruciform appendages?' she said.

'Oh! indeed;' and I stooped down to inhale the sweets of another

plant of less sanctity, and at the same time to hide the blush that a sense of my ignorance had conjured up. That act was as suddenly interdicted by the damsel, who assured me that a malignant poison lurked within the petals that the elegant indented foliage hid. The graceful and negligently-shaped corollas, so purely white that they lulled all suspicion of true character; and the narcotic poison that distilled from the beautiful clothing of leaves, afforded a fine opportunity for a moral essay upon appearances. Well, the smell of the bean-flower has been said to produce insanity, and why might not the flower before me have some pernicious effect? — and why might not my dangerous proximity to the fair human flower work me some irreparable harm? a fate as sure, were it not for my power of repulsion — as sure as the *cuchillo*-thrust that would follow the wilful desecration of the cruciform flower, or the sleepy effects of the other one.

It was becoming more and more a matter of peril to me, as my silver-tongued guide romanced about the wall-flower — the symbol of fidelity in adversity — whose tendrils cling around the rugged oak, (that must have meant me,) or attaches itself to the rough wall, ruined though it be; and clings the closer and looks the more beautiful because of the decayed and knotted and gnarled object with which it is contrasted. Then we reverted to the days when the minstrels and troubadours always carried with them a branch of the wall-flower, as an emblem of everlasting affection; and she said many pretty things.

Meanwhile the gentle-eyed native had loitered away by the side of her rosy companion of the green veil; but, like a sensitive plant that timidly flies from the hand that would touch it, the Mexican shrank within herself, and found refuge from intrusion in silence. It was while audibly lamenting my lack of acquaintance with even the names of the multifarious plants that adorned the spot, that the lady fair with whom I set out finished the nosegay, and presented it to me as her cavalier; and which proprietorship lasted until it had faded into naught. When we rejoined the others, the pensive one had relapsed into sadness under the influence of sorrowful remembrances; and I surmised that something connected with the then recent calamitous warfare had given her a temporary disrelish for pleasantries. Perhaps she had lost some gallant? The sequel showed that it was worse than that: such may be replaced at a moment's warning. But her loss was worse than that: she had lost one that could not be replaced on earth, an only brother. Rumor had informed her that he had fallen into the hands of the Americans; and rumor also said that he had been wounded, and was then languishing in a hospital, the locality of which she knew not.

Before breakfast was concluded the rolling of drums and the singing of bugles warned me to flee ladies and lap-dogs, and join the gay stormers, then unhappily the shadow of their former selves.

The eagle-eyed Worth took the head of his division; and the triumphal entry began. It was a cheering scene for us; but it was disheartening indeed for those who from their own homes beheld the forest of glistening bayonets that advanced through the streets of the capital. The bands, in joyous burst of harmony that made our hearts thrill

to the core, played the most enlivening of our national marches; and the soldiers forgot all their hardships and privations as they proudly tramped to the song of victory. From nearly every house on the line of march were suspended flags, presenting at once all colors; and, tired as they were of war's alarms, viewed the variegated scene with much the same feeling that one beholds the aerial bow of the covenant spread upon the cloud, as a guarantee that the storm is past. Many foreign nations were represented by their gay ensigns: simple white marked the dwellings of the natives.

Some malcontents stole from their places of concealment, and kept up a faint and ineffectual resistance, firing from roofs, windows, and door-ways. Many of the foreign residents availed themselves of the opportunity, to repay with interest the ill-usage that had been showered upon them; and not the least conspicuous among them was our ally, Walker the artist, who with a single friend demonstrated to a nicety, that two resolute men in a tight place were more than a match for five with hearts less stout. The division marched on to the grand Alameda, a public square, with sufficient skirmishing to remind them that they were not forgotten. An impertinent native obtruded himself on the notice of Brevet Brigadier-General Garland, by sending an ounce-ball through one of his limbs; and he only saved himself from a severe rebuke by a hasty retreat. Business was looking up.

Our 'baby-wakers' (the mountain-howitzers) became for a while the centre of interest. At the signal of command, they flew into pieces, as if by the touch of an arch-magician; and each man seizing a portion of the fragments, two men a gun, one a wheel, and so on, they hurried off into the door-way of a large mansion, and disappeared. In a very few moments, thunder burst from the edge of the flat roof upon which the sturdy fellows had hurried the dismantled howitzers; and there could be seen the wicked little engine perfect in all its parts. After each recoil the piece was out of sight until re-loaded, when it was run forward, and the play repeated. The neighboring citizens peeped from their shutters, amazed at the doings of the eccentric strangers; but their wonderment was as nothing compared with that of the patriots who were engaged in building parapets of bags of sand on low roofs, in some of the other streets. Before the Mexican commander had evacuated the city, he had released all the tenants of the prisons; thus letting loose upon the community a swarm of felons that had been hived with expense and difficulty. Those precious knaves were armed, and at once fraternized with the lowest order of the people. Santa Anna's motives might have been proper. Perhaps he was influenced to act so as he gazed upon the statues of the noted patriots of the first revolution, which ornamented the public square of the Alameda. Padre Hidalgo, the parish-priest, with an effigy of his Redeemer in one hand and a sword in the other, desiring to elevate the Church-militant into the Church-triumphant, had hastened to the prisons and released all the culprits to recruit his army of republicans; and, in gratitude to their benefactor, the rogues not only fought to the death, but diminished the resources of the royalists by filling their own pockets. The example was deemed worthy of imitation in our modern war. The more respect

able of the citizens, who had something to lose if the prison-birds got the upper hand, did not evince a very marked hatred of the army of invaders that brought with them law and order. They dined us : we in return respected them.

The mobs were mostly led by persons habited as monks ; although the suspicion was prevalent that they, like Arista in the revolution, had donned the churchman's robes as a disguise. Their sacerdotal garb did not shield their hides from the bullets of our men, even those who professed the same faith. Disbanded troops joined with the civilian compatriots in plying resistance from every available point. Their armies had been beaten ; now was the time for the people in their majesty to shake off the military despotism that for three centuries had enthralled the nation ; now was the moment to punish the insolent invaders, and assert the inalienable rights of the freeman. The sooner they set about it the better. Houses were speedily fortified — sometimes, it was said, without the license of the owners — and already many of the too-confident Northmen had tasted the bitter dose. The people's turn had come ! So it had. While watching in great glee the temporary success of their offensive and defensive operations, *crash* came the contents of the howitzers down on their heads, as unexpectedly as if thunderbolts had fallen from the clouds. The bubble had burst. To the streets all the unhurt fled. Long knives could be plied at close quarters by adepts in assassination, and fire-arms could be used with effect at a distance. The better classes, as they called themselves, might throw open their halls to the foreigners, and prate of law and order ; but they, the convicts, in conjunction with the despised *lépéros*, and the disbanded military, they were to achieve the regeneration of their native land ! It may be presumed that the usual agrarian doctrines of right to property, equal rights, etc., were advocated and embodied by those patriots, else their practices were contrary to their theory. The people were going to govern ; and that meant no taxes, an equal distribution of property, and the abolition of labor.

In the middle of the street a large American field-piece had been abandoned ; not a man was standing by to protect or use it ; for they who had wheeled it out were glad to dodge out of sight and harm's way. Then was the time. A crowd of the armed mob advanced, each one eager to participate in the glory of the capture. With howls and shouts they rushed toward the valuable prize. When they had almost touched the muzzle, the cannon exploded with terrific effect. They had not perceived that the piece had a percussion-lock, nor did they divine the use of the string that connected the man who shrugged himself close into a door-way with the lock. Thus they were out-witted again ; and whichever way they turned, a new trap was sprung upon them.

Having penetrated to the centre of the city, and rejoined my own regiment, that had entered by the Garita de Belen, for the first time I discovered the havoc made in its ranks. A brother-officer requested me to take charge of a fine black horse, part of the spoils — an offer most joyfully accepted, as my own beautiful charger had gone the way of all flesh, in the action.

'Ere the twilight bat was flitting,' my promise of the morning was verified, and my pedal extremities thrust beneath the mahogany of Mr. M——. For a great portion of the evening, I was constrained to enact the part of the Moor of Venice, in reciting the doings of the past. All the company warmed up, until even the melancholy señorita became communicative.

'*Ay di me!*' how happy she was in a hamlet near Toluca. I dare say that the silvery stream that swept by her mountain-home did not sparkle more vividly than did the eyes of the señorita, as she recalled the days of her infancy, and described the situation of her father's dwelling on a sloping hill, overlooking the humble cots of the poor *peons* whom he employed on his hacienda.

'*Ay di me!* how much happier we were then.'

'So you were, my poor girl,' quoth my kind-hearted host in an undertone; 'happier than ever you'll be again, until that rascally old uncle is done waiting for your shoes.'

'Dear me, Pa, how can you speak so?' interposed one of the gentle ladies.

The old gentleman said nothing more, but as he furiously puffed his *puro*, he looked up as if he could have thrashed the uncle, whoever he was, within an inch of his life.

The story of the señorita was short and simple. Her father was one day brought home on a litter, bleeding; and soon afterward he was put into a black box and carried away. Then came the good village pastor, who patted the children — herself and brother — on their heads, and said, '*Pobres niños!* your parents are both in heaven now.' The uncle alluded to took upon himself to look after the estate, leaving the pious padre to supply as well as he could the place of parents. The lad was destined for holy orders. Rascally uncle aforesaid made no objection thereto; there would be the less probability of annoyance if the lad were cloistered. But the boy himself — he would not be a monk, not he, indeed. His father had been colonel of a dashing hussar corps, and he would be a soldier, and nothing else. The good padre unwillingly conceded the point; and the uncle, who hated all piety, approved the choice that tended to shorten the lease of life. The father's services were sufficiently remembered to procure for the son an appointment as cadet in the military college of Chepultepec, to which turbulent and unholy place the meek-spirited guardian was obliged to consign him. Then the sister removed into the metropolis, so that she might be near her only dear relative in the world. It is true that she was offered a peaceful home in a convent, where trouble would be all in the retrospect, and bliss in the future; but she was a true woman, and that means that she had a will of her own. The little cadet progressed rapidly in that noble profession which, singularly enough, is only to be acquired to the end that it may never be used; and he soon stood at the head of his class.

The army of the north was approaching the valley, by stages marked with conquest; and under the very eyes of the *alumnos* of the college, the sanguinary battle of El Molino del Rey was fought; the works and many of the inmates blown into the sky; and the ground thickly sown



with soldiers' buttons — a most unproductive seed, by-the-by. Then came a thundering at the gates of the castle for admittance; and, as has been detailed elsewhere, the Northerners rudely burst in upon the astonished natives.

From a latticed balcony, near the city gate, a pair of eyes were strained, in the hope of seeing the face of the little cadet among the fugitives who fell back at that place. In reply to a question of the sister, a soldier said that the boy was a prisoner of war. Was that all? But another sadly replied that that was not all, for he was wounded. That is the gist of her story.

With the comforting assurance that the next morning would find a son of mine host and myself on the way to find the captive, procure his release and an exchange of quarters, we prepared to separate for the night. A release — how delightful that would be! The conversation had deteriorated into yawning, when with a final *buenos noches* the party broke up; she to pass a sleepless night in anticipation of the morrow's restoration of her brother; the others to rest; and myself for a carousal.

PART TWO.

THERE was no paucity of accommodation in the domicile of Mr. M —; but he wished to do honor to his guest. Within a stone's throw of his house stood the palace of the then Archbishop of Ceserea, subsequently the Archbishop of Mexico, and chronicled at a later date as gathered to his fathers in glory.

The high dignitary had betaken himself to regions more remote from the *surveillance* of the commander-in-chief, our enemy; leaving my friend in charge of his property. The wicket of the huge oaken door flew open, as the vigilant warder heard a knock of a peculiar kind. We were admitted into the court, and thence passed upward into the dwelling apartments. Two jovial padres represented the archbishop with suavity and grace. The roseate hue that predominated in their smiling faces spoke a volume. My friend took his leave, having first commended me to the favorable regards of my spiritual house-mates; and in three minutes we were as thick as thieves. The parlor was as usual on the second story, away from the damps of earth, and at a sufficient elevation to catch the breezes, and be secure from impertinent curiosity. The comforts everywhere disposed through the place testified that no anchorite there fretted away his life in uncalled-for austerities. No, indeed.

One of my sombre-clad companions touched a silver-toned bell; and immediately a domestic entered to the jingling cadence of wine-cups and glasses, and bearing a richly-chased service of silver. The fluids that sparkled on the brims of the goblets were apparently quite inoffensive to the churchmen. We hugged the oval table, and began the act that needed no rehearsal. '*Mas vasas*,' said he of the bell, and more glasses were brought, for there was a variety of liquids. Then the antique decanters hopped from one spot to another. We filled. After an invocation to some saint, who must excuse me for not remembering his name, and a half-audible prayer that my benighted mind might be

illuminated, to which I ejaculated a response, the bubbles burst on the brim, and the oily stream flowed down to warm the heart.

'Now, my dear friend!' solemnly exclaimed the major-domo as he transfixed my vision, as if to read my soul: '*Caro amico mio!*' and his motions added to the unfinished sentence — *pause*. 'This may be your last opportunity of tasting such,' said the other, as if to help in the enunciation of some prodigious thought. Then the first speaker drew a gleaming knife. Perhaps it was one of the kind that many orders of monks habitually wear; the kind that has the haft made of the wood of the agnus castus — the emblem of coldness, the palladium of chastity from time immemorial — and used to fortify the heart against external influence. No, he needed no such a guard; it was but a common knife with which he released a cobwebbed cork from its bondage of wires.

'Fill up,' he said: and we filled. I tasted, as also did they. The eyes of the one who had assumed to be my instructor wandered in fitful flights from the glass to my face, as if expecting from me some violent manifestation of surprise or joy, as the precious fluid gurgled down my unsanctified throat. The other monk had drained his glass; and his countenance beamed in unfeigned appreciation of the pure brand. I saw that nothing but a master-stroke of art could save me from contempt. My exclamation was well received.

'Señor,' continued he glowingly, 'Señor, lo! this is *Lacrymæ Christi*, this day broached in my presence, after exclusion from the light for half a life-time.'

Impious as seemed the expression to my untutored ears, no profanity was meant. None of the many expletives that they used were meant to be unclerical. The blow with which my fist smote the table, that made all the bottles and glasses dance jigs, and my looks, that made up for fluency in their tongue, finished my initiation into the affections of the good men. I had become also an affiliated member of their order. Bumper followed bumper, and secrets dropped out spontaneously under the influence of the heart-opening juice of the grape. In the exuberance of spirits I called for a song. A moment's experience showed my error. They had forgotten nearly all they had ever known of song — would it had been all — and lodgings in a trench had given me a touch of laryngitis. Music was ruled out. There was no lack of pastime, however, in the presence of such fertile intellects as the padres had; they bandied ribald jests, but were compelled to do the most of the laughing, for the good reason that my scanty knowledge of their vernacular did not enable me to keep pace with them or to see the points; and yet their hilarity waxed boisterous. Cards were then drawn from a voracious-looking pocket, and a few reals staked, just to give interest to the game. My total ignorance of that species of intellectual diversion, and which the ludicrous figures on the cards did not help, excluded me from participating. They evidently wondered at the lamentable neglect of my education; for, their susceptibility to external impressions becoming lessened by wine, they found it necessary to speak quite aloud, as they shook their heads and looked at me. They even volunteered to teach me. No! too indolent-minded, doubtless. I could at least sympathize

with the loser and rejoice with the more fortunate player, but could not well compete in drinking with either. In such manner an hour passed.

The stillness of night was broken into only by the sharp, snapping challenge of the sentinel without, and the hilarious guffaws of the worthies within. The game that so deeply interested the props of the Church became monotonous to me. With a fraternal hug we exchanged salutation and benediction; and I sauntered out on the rear-balcony of the palace. The cool breeze soon dissipated the fumes of the wine. The tinkling chirps of insects and murmurings of waters induced meditation. My boon companions of that night must not think that their pupil of a few idle hours has forgotten them because of his abrupt parting.

The potations made me wakeful. The floating clouds were like phantom legions going into strife: again fancy pictured a solemn procession of those who had bowed before the dread rider of the Pale Horse; and drooping banners and funereal gloom, as the hosts of the ethereal world occasionally obscured the moon; then, like belated wanderers, they were scattered and lost in the darkness. All things disposed the heart to a softened, repressed sadness—almost to melancholy.

But why draw upon the imaginative when so much of the real, marring the beauty of the magnificent grounds below me, demanded more than a passing thought? *There*, surely, was enough subject for reflection without looking into the clouds for pictures. In that garden were lying the bodies of more than half a company of grenadiers. Hand to hand they had fiercely contested the ground with our stormers: and there they lay just as they fell the preceding day. As the gentle night-wind bore back the odor-laden branches, it required no straining of sight to see in the moon-light many pallid up-turned faces rigidly fixed, although the dark shadows that animatingly played over them gave the semblance of vitality. There was something horrible in the scene. It put me in a moralizing mood; and hours could be spent in transcribing my thoughts for a few moments. The charm of the libations made each martial heap seem about to start into wonted life. But these lucubrations must be abbreviated.

Novelty; you require novelty; and the narration is becoming stupid. So had I longed for novelty, and found it, too. And what more touching and beautiful attribute has our poor nature than the desire for novelty? Was it not implanted in our breasts for wise purposes, think you? In search of it has the whole arcana of science been ransacked; and by its influence have the dull sand and ashes been transformed into pure crystal; and that, in its turn, has been devoted to a thousand purposes undreamed of until suggested by the desire and search for novelty. It is an inherent principle engrafted into our being, lest our affections become fastened on the fleeting things of the present. Man is designed to be an ambulatory, discontented animal. From the moment the juvenile's slender twig-like limbs are able to support his tiny form, he desires, and rambles for, novelty, just as you and I are now doing. He longs for wings, that he may explore the horizon's myste-

rious line, which to him appears to be the utmost boundary of creation. With years the desire increases ; and there are few who have attained to man's estate who cannot recall the almost irrepressible longing of youth to place the bounding billow between himself and his circumscribed home, for the imaginary delight of revelling in some fairer land ; fairer, because unknown. When his wearied feet have pressed the foreign soil, he is still unsatisfied ; and he longingly turns toward that home whose care-effacing smiles await him, where the song of the grasshopper and the voice of the turtle are music to his ear.

Most peaceable of readers, had you stood alone on that balcony at that lone hour of night ; and had you looked down through the luxuriant shrubberies, and fixed your gaze upon the trodden spot where the 'forlorn hope' encountered the stern grenadiers of the guard, the novelty of the scene might have amused you ; and the clear fountain dancing in the moonbeams would have seemed a sprite keeping your company. Or had you leaned your head against one of the stone pillars, and looked into the dotted worlds twinkling through the thin atmosphere, and indulged the feelings of loneliness and desolation that came over me, you might well have longed for the time to quickly come when what is now human shall tread the nebulae beneath their feet, and we shall explore those clustering systems so faintly conceived of in this transition-state.

The sonorous joviality of my ghostly friends over their game of cards recalled me from heavenly contemplation to matter-of-fact. The clank of my sabre summoned a light-footed lad, bearing a candle, who, unlocking a door, motioned me to enter. The process of unlocking was not entirely necessary ; for two bomb-shells had paid an uncereemonious flying visit through several rooms ; and there was a ragged circular aperture into which a coach-and-four could have been driven with less ease than a witch can stalk through a keyhole. That rude innovation on all established orders of architecture, was planned and executed under the nose of Santa Anna. A draft had been made upon the archiepiscopal exchequer, for funds to replenish the military chest ; and a declination to honor the draft had drawn a salute of ordnance. That was the report ; which is my authority for repeating it, as the performance was not set down in the programme of entertainment. My palatial sleeping-room was fitted up with the neatness of a lady's boudoir, although somewhat dusty from the cause above-mentioned.

Betimes in the morning — from the force of a habit since wofully fallen into disuse — I was astir. The early sun-rise found a son of Mr. M — and myself trotting toward the castle in pursuance of the promise made to the señorita, to search for her brother. Upon arriving at the terminus, where the winding road led us up the hill, we dismounted, and entered the fortification proper. All the apartments which had not been completely wrecked by our artillery were filled with wounded and prisoners of war. In the latter class, my companion recognized and accosted a major whom he had frequently met in the neighborhood, but with whom he had no further acquaintance.

'Are you, Sir, any particular friend of the cadet ?' asked the officer of his interrogator.

'A friend of his sister, only; and it's on that account that we have come in quest of him. She heard that he was wounded,' was the reply.

The Mexican smiled grimly, and hesitated to give any definite answer to questions so earnestly put to him. Then he looked at me in an inquiring manner unable to divine my motives for interfering.

'Come with me,' he said. Together we three walked outside the building. He stopped short, turned away his face, and the back of one hand brushed across his eyes; but when he again fronted us no emotion was visible on his bronzed features.

'He fell here!' said he sternly, almost savagely.

'Yes; but where is he now?'

'*There!*' He pointed to freshly-disturbed earth in an angle of the works. The strong man suppressed his feelings.

We did not intrude further upon his grief. The officer had intended to adopt the cadet as his son, and now was a chief mourner.

'Did you say that they buried him on the top of the hill?' inquired Mr. M — on our return. 'How singularly appropriate! On the very spot where his great ancestor had a palace. Do you know that the lad was the nearest living male descendant of Montezuma?'

I had heard it before, and the account of his lineage made quite an impression on my mind.

'Now, who'll break the news to Viola?' continued the father, soliloquizing.

'Ay, who will?' returned the son. A silence ensued, of which I took advantage to slip away.

PART THREE.

GOING into town, I steered my course for the head-quarters of my regiment. The sight of about forty American soldiers lying in the *Alemada* did not tend to enliven my spirits, but did awaken a feeling of vengeance. Their throats were cut, or their breasts pierced. Unconscious of danger, they had lain down on the benches or on the grass to sleep, and had been murdered. All had not submitted quietly, as the carcasses of several Mexicans witnessed.

My comrades were quartered in the *Iturbide Palace*. There was a vast number of rooms to be explored, although no one felt disposed to spend half a day in such an employment. The emperor *Iturbide* had made provision for the maintenance of a goodly-sized retinue when he built such a pile; but his sudden exit by the fire of a platoon had transferred the title to the nation; and at the time of our occupation the regal mansion was only a place for dusty offices of government. Some of our reckless soldiery thought they were doing our cause good service in throwing the documents and records into inextricable confusion. The greater portion of the papers were of a character whose destruction could do us no good, but would create great injury to the local government. The records of that unhappy land ever seemed to be doomed to destruction. The over-zealous European prelates set the example when they burnt the historical scrolls of the *Aztecs*, in huge funeral pyres; a violation of archives by fanatical bigots, no less

damnable than was the act of the Caliph Omar, when he caused the Alexandrian library to be used for heating baths; for it is questionable whether the papyrus-leaf, whose casket was a pyramid, could tell future ages stranger tales than the mystic history of the teocalli. It is also a matter of grave surmise whether the annihilation of papers by our soldiers has not caused much perplexity to the Mexican administration; but the work of vandalism did not proceed far, for the more sensible of our soldiers stopped the sport of their own accord.

In one of the rooms of the court, I saw the wheels and fixtures of the San Carlos lottery. The globes that had been the source of great revenue to the government, still contained enough of the figured balls to break many fortunes, although half-empty. It was thought by some of the more sagacious that the enemy had fired the missing ballots at our heads; but that impression was speedily removed. A shower of the missives, harmless in their then state, came pouring upon our heads, thus accounting for their removal. When we attempted to look upward, there descended another shower, followed by illy-suppressed tittering. A figure in a blue jacket darted into a recess of the balcony, to conceal himself. Downright insubordination! a flagrant act on the part of the culprit, whoever he might be.

'Here, you Sir! how dare you treat your officers in such a manner? Report yourself immediately under arrest; at once, Sir; at once!' So spoke one of my mess-mates.

The figure emerged from the alcove fifty or more feet above us; but in vain did the disturber of the peace endeavor to keep a straight countenance, for the exuberance of jollity would manifest itself, and even burst forth anew while the testy Griffin was rating him. He was a youngster, about eighteen years old only, and I whispered to my comrade to remember that he was once a boy himself, and a joke was a joke.

'Beg your pardon, gentlemen — did n't know you were officers, when I threw them down the first time; and when you were going to look up, it was so funny, he! ho! he! — that I could n't help dropping what I had in my hand, he! he!'

'Hallo, Tompkins!' was my exclamation, 'where's your other arm, eh? — your left arm?' The greatest cause of surprise was how he could hold so many balls in one hand, but he dropped a box that explained that circumstance. What had become of one of his arms? had he thrown that away without knowing it?

'My arm, Sir, was taken off yesterday. Got hit in taking the city.'

'Well, keep yourself quiet, my man. You are not well enough yet to skylark. You may go now.'

A respectful response dropped from the perch he had chosen for his diversion. The scamp presumed upon his misfortune for impunity; and no one had the heart to punish a young fellow who bore his loss so manfully.

PART FOUR.

'Good morning, Doctor — good morning,' said the puffy little assistant to the hospital, as he raised his hand to his head to touch an im-



aginary cap. The said assistant had but the nominal rank of sergeant, yet the surgeon-general had not half the sense of importance that had he, the oily, puffy little gentleman. The surgeon returned the salute by an inclination of his head.

'Ah! Haslett, is that you? How are all the patients this morning? We require you in a little operation, you know; and as Doctor Gruff is going to help us out—he's pretty smart in that line, you know—we'll finish the business before dinner-time. The consequential hospital-steward flew about in the laboratory, preparing for the visit of the other surgeon who was to take a hand in some 'very interesting' cases.

Our good Doctor Sawbones, as the mess called him, with an easy air strolled through the long rooms, inquiring into the condition of his patients. The flower of the 'Cerro Gordo Division' (as *par excellence* it was named) was well represented in the blanketed figures spread on the floor. Our medicine-man was not one of those morose, gloomy persons, who prescribe to a sick man as if passing sentence of death, and who tread along in a stage-stride and speak in a sepulchral voice; but on the contrary he was a hale-fellow-well-met, whose cheery tones and pleasant manner did more toward raising the sinking spirits, and curing the maladies of the sick, than all the drugs and compounds dealt out by his dismal professional brethren.

'Well, Jenkins, how goes it? Getting tired of lying still? How's that slit in your neck?' 'Most well, I do declare. Be patient; Rome was not built in a day, you know. Why, Wilson, how much improved you look. Keep up your courage, my gay little drum. You'll make a noise in the world, yet.'

Thus he ran on, gleaning from the wounded as he passed symptoms of gangrene or of convalescence, while he appeared to treat each lightly. His very presence did much to chase away the shades that sometimes settled around the invalid's heart. Sometimes the sleepless have seen the worthy surgeon gliding through the rooms at night, noiselessly on tip-toe, holding his lamp in such a manner as to shade his face, if perchance any watcher should attempt to read it. The gallant soul that had soared aloft in the tumultuous charge, when prostrated by a wound was often softened to woman's mood. Home-sickness came, which, if not checked, rapidly hastened the sick man's downward course. Castor-oil, as the men familiarly called the steward, was a pleasant fellow, but not so welcome as the surgeon himself. He was too prone to prescriptions.

'Well, Corporal, we're going to fix that affair of yours, and a minute or two will make it all right. Bones shattered, you know; so the best thing is to get rid of it altogether. Don't you think so?' The corporal opened his eyes to their fullest capacity, looked into Surgeon Sawbones' eyes, and for some seconds he was taken aback by the unlooked-for intelligence.

'Why, Sir, fact is, Castor—I mean the steward, told me yesterday that the bone was only splintered and would set in a few days, and be stronger than ever.' The poor fellow felt sorrowful for the loss he was to suffer at the very time that he was consoling himself by the assur-



ance of Castor-oil ; and his forehead became quite bedewed with moisture. But then people always expect too much in such cases ; they are always too sanguine.

The surgeon drew from a pocket a case of fine instruments — something extra, for a nice operation — opened a box containing many others ; rolled down the blanket considerably below the waist, and then proceeded to spread out the tools in rows, looking at each one fondly as he felt its edge, and laid it in its place. Opening a fancy rosewood case that he had brought in under his arm, he inspected a saw, and a number of hooked instruments ; then he laid the saw behind the smaller pieces of steel, where it looked just as much in place as a hoghead-shaped commissary in the rear of a regiment on march.

‘The whole pain is in imagination ; much more so than in reality, at least. We performed an operation on Brooks in the next ward, yesterday — an amputation ; and we did it so nicely that he at last began to grumble ; he’s a cross-grained growler, you know — and what do you think it was all about ?’ The corporal did not make any reply, and the medico continued arranging his tools, and went on with his story. ‘Well, it was because we did not stop shaking him, and punking him with scalpels. The fact is, that when he saw us coming he felt a little faint ; and, before he came to fully, the leg was off, and the bandages were being put on. Strange, wasn’t it ?’

Now the corporal was no coward, not he ; his name was in the general report with a recommendation for promotion ; but when he looked upon the array of the mangling-instruments of the anatomist ; the keen, cold-looking things marshaled into companies, and the companies formed into a skeleton battalion, with a murderous scalpel in front as a commander ; then, I say, he felt a cold shiver run through his frame. In came the oily steward ushering the invited flesh-cutter.

‘Glad you’ve come. The case I was speaking of. Will you oblige me by giving your opinion in regard to the matter ?’ That was only a superfluous act of kindness in Doctor Sawbones, for the sacrifice had been determined upon. The visitor deigned not to look at the patient.

‘It must come off,’ said he in a gruff, disagreeable voice. ‘The leg must come *off* — off !’

‘Take off my leg ! — take off my leg !’ exclaimed the horrified corporal.

‘Yes, yes ; do n’t be in a hurry,’ said the gruff surgeon. ‘We’ll whip it off in a twinkling. Shall be done.’

The steward by that time had returned from another room with some appliance that had been forgotten ; and when he caught the last words of the speaker he threw up his arms, and attempted to say something about the case. ‘Ay, ay,’ said Doctor Sawbones, blandly smiling as he checked the officiousness of the steward ; ‘I know what you would say, but —’

‘You certainly cannot understand the case — beg pardon, Sir, I mean there’s a mistake,’ continued Castor-oil.

‘Your opinion is entirely unsolicited,’ contemptuously interrupted Doctor Gruff ; ‘entirely so, Mr. Steward. It’s our business to advise,

yours to act.' This authoritative rebuke made the little man recoil abashed before his superior. Castor-oil felt hurt.

'Patience, gentlemen, for a short time. The loud talking may disturb some of the feverish patients,' interposed the amiable surgeon of my corps. 'The leg——'

'You shan't touch my leg, I tell you ; you shan't touch it — only a little bruised ; and you want to murder me !' With a profane expression reflecting upon the morality of all the bone-setting fraternity, the patient fell back upon his knapsack-pillow. The motion was so sudden as to jerk some of the fine cutlery into the air. Poor fellow ! he did not seem to know how essential practice is to attainment in science.

'I had just such a fellow under my hands a day or two ago,' said Gruff. 'The fellow was so obstreperous that we had to tie him down. There's no use in child's play.'

Doctor Sawbones was unwilling to hurt the corporal's feelings mentally or physically, if it could be avoided ; so he attempted to soothe him as he proceeded to turn down the blanket and bare the limb ; but he met nothing in return but violent gesticulations and incivility. The corporal ought not to have been unkind. It would require some stout fellows to hold him. The obnoxious member was uncovered.

'Ha ! ha !! ha !!!' laughed Doctor Sawbones as he pointed at the man. Castor-oil made the solo turn into a duet to the same notes, and Gruff contributed enough to make it a trio, but to different music.

'Both gone mad !' he commenced ; but quelling the angry expressions that were swelling in his throat, he caught the infection, and roared like a pleased bull. The patient felt more like laughing than any of them. 'Well, well, the wrong man.'

'I was going to say, Sir,' said the steward, 'that this man's *arm* is splintered slightly, and is doing well ; the *leg* is only bruised. You've mistaken the man.'

W. H. BROWNE.

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'CHRIST IS RISEN.'

REJOICE, thou that weepest,  
And hold up thy head ;  
Awake, thou that sleepest —  
Arise from the dead !

HOPE bursts from the prison  
That held her so long ;  
The shout, 'CHRIST is risen !'  
Wakes Earth into song.

Gross darkness is banished  
From Death's wintry cave,  
And mourning has vanished  
Like mist from the wave :

For CHRIST light bestoweth,  
Though dark is the way ;  
The fount whence it floweth  
Is day — endless day !

Despair furls for ever  
His banner of gloom ;  
Its black folds will never  
Again wrap the tomb.

HOPE bursts from the prison  
That held her so long ;  
The shout, 'CHRIST is risen !'  
Wakes Earth into song.

W. H. C. HOSEMER.

## T H E C A M P - F I R E .

BY J. SWETT.

BROTHERS! leave the sluice untended,  
Shadows darken on the river;  
In the cañon day is ended,  
Far above the red rays quiver:  
Turn the waters out to play,  
Let the huge wheel cease from creaking;  
Like a slave it toils all day,  
In its perspiration reeking.

Miners! lay aside the spade,  
Let the pick-axe rest from drifting;  
See how much the claim has paid,  
Where the gold-dust has been sifting.  
From the boxes take the sand,  
Wash it out — a pleasant duty:  
Now the gold-grains cleanly 'panned,'  
Beam upon us, bright in beauty.

Brighter than a maiden's glances  
Are the gold-grains flashing o'er us,  
And a smile of pleasure dances  
On each swarthy face before us:  
Turn the water out to play,  
It has proved a good refiner;  
Cast the pick and spade away,  
For the camp-fire calls the miner.

Tell no tales of wizard-band  
In the myths of ages olden,  
When the sorcerer's potent wand  
Turned all earthly things to golden:  
Pick and spade are magic rods,  
Toil and Industry diviners,  
Drawing gold from sand and sods,  
Touched by brawny arms of miners.

LABOR is the mighty king,  
Drawing wealth from rocky mountains;  
At his beck the rivers bring  
Golden tributes from their fountains.  
LABOR seizes treasures vast,  
Locked in Nature's vaults for ages,  
Reads the records of the past,  
Writ in *dust* on golden pages.

Gather round the cheerful fire,  
In the deepening darkness gleaming;  
Now the red tongues leaping higher,  
Seem like banners upward streaming:  
On the swarthy son of labor,  
How the ruddy fire-light flashes,  
And anon upon his neighbor,  
Rough and bearded, quickly dashes.

Stretched around the supper-fire,  
Hear the iron kettle steaming,  
While the sharpness of desire  
Lulls into luxurious dreaming:  
On the oven heap the coals,  
Till it seems a dragon waking;  
For a dozen hungry souls,  
Wait for bread within it baking.

On the ground the tin-plates spread,  
Pour the tea out strong and stronger,  
From the 'Dutchman' draw the bread,  
We can wait for it no longer:  
Roll it out upon the ground,  
Pray the gods to be propitious!  
Never loaf before was found  
With an odor so delicious.

Break the bread with brawny hand,  
Labor crowns it with a blessing;  
Now the hungry crowd looks bland,  
Each a smoking piece possessing:  
Pass the *ham* around this way,  
Quick! before it all is taken:  
Hang philosophers, we say,  
We have barely saved our *Bacon*.

Go to *grass*, ye GRAHAM eaters,  
FOWLER'S rice-fed, scraggy cattle,  
Starveling vegetarian '*creeturs*,'  
Fit with China-men to battle!  
In the water let you shiver,  
Turn from drones to earnest workers,  
Wield the pick till muscles quiver,  
You would gladly turn to 'porkers!'

Now the evening-meal is done,  
Let us try a game of *euchre*,  
All our bets are jokes and fun,  
Gambling not for filthy lucre:  
Closer draw the merry ring,  
Laughing makes the hours fly quicker:  
We have won! — now, boys, just bring  
Out a little dash of liquor.

Spread the blankets on the ground,  
Labor needs not couch or feather;  
In a circle clustered round,  
We will all lie down together.  
Labor brings refreshing sleep  
No luxurious couch can borrow,  
And our slumbers sound and deep,  
Give us strength for toil to-morrow.

Watch each rising silver-star,  
Drifting from the depths of Aiden,  
Think you not of friends afar,  
Wife or child or blue-eyed maiden?

Comes there not a misty vision,  
 O'er the drowsy spirit stealing,  
 And in reveries elysian,  
 All the joys of home revealing?

As the needle, frail and shivering,  
 On the ocean-wastes afar,  
 Veering, changing, trembling, quivering,  
 Settles on the polar-star;  
 So in breasts of those who roam,  
 Love's magnetic fires are burning,  
 To the central-point of home  
 Trembling hearts are ever turning.

*Feather-River, (Cal.)*

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## ELEANOR MANTON: OR, LIFE-PICTURES.

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### MY FIRST JOURNEY.

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Two years after the sad event, related in the last chapter, I was called upon to pass through other painful scenes.

The old house-keeper died. I did not shed many tears on this occasion; for the sin of affectation, of pretending what I did not feel, was never mine. But I had fearful forebodings about the future. There must necessarily be important changes in our family arrangements. Who would come to take the place of her who had made me so wretched?

It is a wholesome law of our nature that we involuntarily forget the faults of the dead. 'Tread lightly on their ashes,' does not need to be formally enjoined. Yet I sometimes fear I may have judged her harshly, that sharp, disagreeable woman. My judgment was that of a child; but with regard to the sin which was so peculiarly repugnant to me, and I am inclined to think is the sin of quiet country-villages, though not theirs exclusively, I could scarcely be more severe than he who was old both in years and wisdom, and numbered this among the seven abominations which the Lord hates:

'A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.'

'An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief.'

I hope it was the sin and not the sinner that I hated; yet perhaps it is owing to the power of association, that a 'tale-bearer' is to this day among the things that I loathe with a peculiar loathing.

My father decided to break up house-keeping, and transfer me to the care of an aunt, who lived in a distant town, whom I had seen a few

times, and in whose favor I was much prepossessed. The preparations for my departure were made by a neighbor who had taken a kind interest in me, and with very little sadness I looked forward to a separation from the scenes of my childhood; for except that one little grave, where I often went to shed the tears of my childish loneliness and sorrow, there was nothing to link me to the place of my birth with a tie that would produce a pang when it was severed.

So, one pleasant morning in June, the old chaise came round to the door, drawn by 'old Charlie,' who was associated with every pleasant ride I had taken since my remembrance; and I set out with my father for a three days' journey, which seemed to me the grandest tour that had ever been heard of.

But what was more wonderful, the reality equalled my expectations!

What could be sweeter than riding in a chaise, and having a trunk fastened on behind? Every body would know we were travellers, and wonder who we were, and where we were going; for travelling was not the common-place affair then that it is now. We should stop at hotels, and have dinners which we should order, and put up for the night in strange places, and have what we pleased for breakfast.

It came very near upsetting my little head. All the people in the village stared at me from the windows as I passed, and the children stood at the gates to say good-by, and some of them looked as if they thought I felt very grand, but I knew very well it was envy because they could not take a journey too.

I have passed over the same road many times since, so it would not be doing great credit to my memory to describe the scenery by the way, and abler pens have sent its fame through the world.

But I may be permitted to dwell a moment upon that big yellow house which was the termination of our first day's ride. It stood back from the road and was over-shadowed by lofty trees, the skirts of the forest upon the borders of which this little clearing trespassed.

There was neither fence nor tree in front, but a bank gently sloping to the edge of the lake, that looked to my eyes like a sea of gold, embosomed as it was among the mountains, and reflecting as it did just then the beams of the setting sun.

I had gazed with admiration on the waters of the river, and the sparkling ripples of the silvery brook, but I had formed no idea of so large an expanse of water. I looked upon it as upon a beautiful picture, and have ever since retained this impression of the scene, which a single thought will instantly place before my mind.

There was only that one house in sight; all else was still and solemn as in the days of its primeval grandeur. A few patches of land here and there had been rescued from the wildness of nature, but the dark forest stretched as far as the eye could see in every direction, and not a sound was heard except the woodman's axe echoing in the distance, and those long, deep, wild, thrilling notes which are only heard from the songsters of the wilderness.

We were met at the door by the good landlady, a prim, bustling little body, in her chintz dress and woollen apron, who smiled very kindly upon me, and led the way into the best room, where she pushed back

the shutters and dusted anew the big chair, which she bade me occupy, and then asked what we would like for supper.

This was the realization of my dreams, though I could hardly support my new dignity. I had never before been consulted as to what I would have for supper, but I had long before decided that nothing would seem so delicious as a fish from that beautiful lake ; and with that and many other nice things we were soon regaled.

I slept soundly in the best chamber, on a mound of feathers which was higher than my head, and awoke in the morning experiencing to the full the delightful sensation I had anticipated, upon being in a tavern, and getting up at the ring of a bell, and wearing my best things every day, and being asked, when I should descend, if I had rested, and what I would like for breakfast.

My first impulse was to run to the window and look again upon the lake, and what was my ecstasy as I beheld a little boat slowly sailing on the crystal surface, while the dipping blade of the oarsman scattered the diamond-drops in profusion over the silvery waves.

I watched till it was out of sight, and learned on going down that a party had arrived late the preceding evening — for this secluded place was a resort for summer-idlers — and had gone out for a day of pleasure, and to exercise their skill in angling for those gay-spotted gentry who are scarcely less famous than the bright domain in which they roam.

I was a very little girl, and permitted to go in the kitchen or anywhere about the premises I pleased ; and while looking upon the process of getting up the breakfast, endeavored to enhance my consequence by a conversation that should deserve the name of womanly, and indulged in a communicativeness which was very gratifying to my listeners, and for which I have never since ceased to blush.

‘Do you like your eggs done rare?’ asked the good landlady, who was cook and waiter beside.

I had never heard the word in my life, yet I answered Yes without hesitation, and found on breaking them that they were to the taste of my father, but about as palatable as ‘potted sprats’ to me ; but I swallowed them like a martyr, consoling myself that I had learned the meaning of one word which I should never forget.

I felt almost sad when we were ready to depart, and was sure I should never again behold any thing so beautiful. But the morning ride through the woods soon restored my spirits. The delicious fragrance which came upon the breeze was like some new life-giving power, and I inhaled it like a draught of nectar. The timid and graceful motions of the squirrel which we startled from his leafy retreat, and the birds hopping upon every bough, awakened in me new and thrilling sensations, and filled me with inexpressible delight.

Toward the evening of the third day we ascended a high hill which over-looked the city, a few miles from which was the village in which I was to reside. A city ! I had revelled in the tales of Eastern fable, and read of the castles of genii and fairies, but not in all of them had there been any thing like what my fancy had conjured up as a real city ; and there it was, with its masses of red brick, its spires and



domes and turrets ; and there was the blue sea beyond, with its hundred sails, and the harbor with its masts and tangled cables, making all my visions as nothing, so immeasurably did the reality surpass them in magnitude and magnificence.

We were to stop there a few days, and now that I had seen it, I was almost terrified at the idea, never imagining what an insignificant thing I should be in the midst of such a multitude, and supposing, which perhaps was true enough, that our old chaise would be the 'observed of all observers,' though not for any such reason as I had in my simplicity conjectured.

We stopped without the walls that night, and the next forenoon drew up before a city hotel, where I was confused and deafened by the Babel jargon that met my ear, and blinded by the sight of all the strange things which met my eye. I had expected to find every thing gleaming with brightness, and was not at all prepared for the mud of a rainy morning and the filth of a narrow and most dingy and dismal street. I had been told that oranges were as plenty in the city as apples at home, and this, perhaps, was embodied as the most important item in my estimate of city superiority, and in this I was not disappointed. Oranges indeed met my eye at every turn ; but so did apples, cabbages, cakes, and sausages, gingerbread, oysters, clams, and lobsters ; they were standing at every corner and were the burden of every song.

But it was a grand gala-day even for the city, and all the dignitaries were assembled *en masse* to escort the new-made governor to his chair of state, and I had never dreamed that so many people lived in the world as I saw gathered together on this occasion. And now I began to feel that I was very different from the little girls I saw around me. They stared at my quaint dress and shy manners, and I did not lack the perception to see that it was because I was an awkward country-girl ; and the most terrible of all desolations, that of being alone in the midst of a multitude, came over me, and was far more oppressive than any thing I had felt in the solitude of my country-home.

My father remained at the hotel, but I was taken to stay with some gay city-cousins, and here the contrast was more striking between me and those who had been always amid bright and cheerful things. I was with them but not of them, and when night came I crept away to a dark and lonely room to weep at the disappointment of my bright anticipations of enjoyment among gay scenes. I was soon missed, and when they found me they called it home-sickness ; a most convenient term for a sorrow which could not be imagined to dwell in the bosom of a child ; and they smothered me with kisses, and gave me cake, and I dried my tears in gratitude for their sympathy, and gave them no occasion to think me home-sick again.

I staid a whole week, and it has never been among my enjoyments to eat oranges since ; and I was thoroughly cured of all propensity to estimate people or things by their fine outside.

So it was with a pleasant feeling that I again found myself in the old chaise jolting leisurely along over a country-road, amid the trees and green fields, with the music of birds and the rippling of waters to lull my spirit, and the fresh air to fan my brow.

A half-day's ride terminated our journey, and brought us to the bustling little village of Annesly, and a few turns through its busy streets found us in front of a large old-fashioned house, situated on quite an elevation several rods from the street, with deep terraces, and stone steps leading to the hall-door.

My aunt was an old-fashioned lady, of the school of which there were then few to be found, and every thing about the mansion indicated her fondness for the things of yore.

A thump upon the great brass knocker summoned the servant to open the massive door for our admission, and as we were expected, he immediately recognized us, and ushered us into the presence of his mistress.

My aunt was sitting in a large high-backed chair, having on a black-silk dress, which stood out like a hoop, a plain muslin kerchief crossed upon her breast, and a cap of the same material.

She arose with a queen-like stateliness to bid us welcome, but without any of that warmth and cordiality I had imagined must necessarily characterize a welcome, and a kind of awe crept over me, an indefinable sensation, which foreboded any thing but a realization of my dreams.

She talked with my father about our journey, an account of which I had expected to relate with great enthusiasm ; but no word of inquiry was directed to me, and I could not help understanding that for me to speak would be a great breach of decorum.

So I amused myself with looking around me. The room we were in was an old-fashioned 'square room,' the walls covered with old-fashioned paper, and two portraits in black frames, hanging opposite to each other on the walls, which I concluded to be representations of my aunt in her younger days, and of her husband who had been many years in his grave.

I strolled to the window which looked out upon an extensive lawn, and a garden filled with shrubbery and flowers in great profusion. Every thing seemed on a grand scale to me, and I for a moment forgot all things else in my anticipations of delight among my floral friends ; of listening to the birds, and 'tending' the bees, and sporting with the butterflies. I longed to run, but when I turned round a kind of paralysis struck me, and my feet felt as if they were fettered.

Soon supper was announced, and we went to the dining-room, which was a sort of hall, and furnished in the same antique style as every other part of the establishment ; but though I was hungry I could not eat. Here, again, home-sickness became a convenient appellation for my dejection ; but my aunt had no sympathy with this even. Without at all putting off her stateliness she addressed me in a way which she ment should be kind, and 'hoped I was not going to be home-sick, it was very foolish. I must be happy ; children should always do what their parents thought best, with cheerfulness ; she hoped she should find me obedient,' etc.

This harangue was according to her ideas of consolation, and at every word my heart kept swelling till it choked me, and the tears seemed pressing my eyes from their sockets. I restrained them as long

as it was possible, but at length they burst forth and I ran from the room.

I was soon followed and obliged to listen to another similar attempt at comforting a childish sorrow. She hoped I had not a habit of crying at every little thing; she could not have that. I must listen to her advice, and do as I was told. She could not permit me to go to bed without eating my supper, I must be hungry. So she led me back to the table, put some cake in my hand, and stood by me till I had forced it down my throat; then congratulated herself on her perseverance, saying, 'She knew all about children.' (She had never had any, and I had always heard that those were the people who knew the most about them.) 'And now I had better go to bed, I should feel better in the morning.'

A servant was called to show me to my room. My aunt kissed me with one of those 'sense-of-duty' kisses which freeze the lips and chill the heart. I made a courtesy and departed from her presence, thinking how different she was from the Aunt Quimbleby I had seen in our house at home, where she was so gracious and so full of smiles.

The girl who accompanied me spoke many kind words; said I should soon get acquainted with other children, and could play in the garden, and she had no doubt I should like it very much.

But again I was glad to be alone, and again I cried myself to sleep.

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RED-HOT LINES ON AN OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

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BY HENRY P. LELAND.

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I've visited the school-house, JIM,  
Where we in childhood sat,  
And not one recollection came  
Of any joy — at that!

The windows all had fallen in,  
The wind, oh! floored the door,  
The chimney was blown over, JIM:  
I staid to see no more.

Those school-boy days! O twaddle!  
I count the dinners lost;  
The bitter tears — the agonies,  
That Latin grammar cost.

I see that stern old teacher,  
With ruler in his hand:  
The only love he ever knew —  
A love to reprimand.

'How's this, don't know your lesson?  
Stay in, boy, after school:  
I'll let you know before you go,  
You 've got to learn 'that rule!''

Like frightened bird before the hawk,  
My little heart beat fast,  
And bitter tears ran down my cheeks  
When school broke up at last.

With whoop and cheer the other boys  
Ran laughing out to play,  
And left me in the school-house there,  
On that hot summer-day.

Called up before the teacher,  
I tried with might and main  
To learn, like parrot, to repeat  
Words, o'er and o'er again.

I sometimes wished that I might die,  
And thus get out of school:  
Away at least from that old man,  
And his confounded 'rule.'

All day within that school-house hot,  
That burning summer-day,  
My little brain was racked to learn  
Words, for my tongue to say!

When evening came the teacher spoke:  
'Go, boy! but learn 'that rule.'  
Or else to-morrow, if you fail,  
You 're whipped before the school!'

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THERE was a cloud before my eyes,  
Dull beating of my brain:  
The summer-evening breeze seemed hot,  
My head was full of pain.

'What, whip me, before all the school?  
Oh! no—it cannot be:  
And yet he said he would—and will:  
No hope from him—for me!'

That night a fever fired my brain,  
And when the morrow came,  
The boy, the teacher hoped to whip,  
Was nearly past his blame!

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I 've visited the school-house, JIM,  
Where we in childhood sat,  
And not one recollection came  
Of any joy, at that!

## LETTERS TO ELLA.

## NUMBER SIX.

THE sun rises and sets, seasons come and go, and Ella is not here. Of what avail are eyes that look no more upon my daughter? Seeing not Ella, they roll upon vacant space, as if vision were denied. These sightless balls,

‘Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot.’

They make to themselves airy shapes, and smile unsatisfied upon their own fancies. Thus starving men devour imaginary feasts, and feel more keenly pangs of hunger. Now, as I write, a shadowy Ella seats herself beside me; and with my heart aching to over-leap the distance which separates it from her, I feed it with the illusion of her presence. She seems, as of old, to fix upon me her large soft eyes, and say: ‘Please tell more.’

On the Sabbath after the visit made by Father Green and the gamblers to Ellas-land, the church beheld a sight. Fast men and gamblers in great numbers were there. An aurora borealis of flash vests and glittering ornaments shone around. There came to my brain and refused to be driven thence, the words:

‘SHOULD you some coast be laid on  
Where gold and diamonds grow:’

which having many times repeated themselves, were followed in order by the rest of the verse:

‘You’d find a richer maiden,  
But none that loves you so.’

By a curious chain of associations my mind was thus led from those fancy gentlemen, or in technical terms, ‘gentlemen of the fancy,’ to the love-lorn maid who was the subject of Mr. Gay’s ballad. I saw her ‘all melancholy lying’ on the sea-shore; I heard the roaring of the seas.

‘THUS wailed she for her dear,  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear.’

With such a picture before me, in my mind’s eye, how could I otherwise than forget myself? My cherries and your mother’s pie-and-cheese helped Father Green into favor with the gamblers, and in turn brought them to hear him preach: their presence took me to the coast where gold and diamonds grow: thence to where the seas were roaring, with hollow blasts of wind. There I beheld a melancholy damsel bewailing her absent lover; a picture such as no painter can adequately put upon canvas—a tragedy beyond the art of Siddons or Rachel:

'WHEN o'er the white wave stooping,  
His floating corpse she spied;  
Then, like a lily drooping,  
She bowed her head and died.'

So safe a journey to the sea-shore, the sight of a picture so combining the sublime and pathetic, the closing scene of a tragedy so exquisite for grace and sorrow, were never more cheaply purchased.

But what sort of a sermon will Father Green bestow upon these hardened men? Will he show them the dark side of their fate, and warn them of wrath to come? Will he depict the misery they bring upon others, and overwhelm them with the deep damnation that boils and gurgles toward them in the heart of the neighborhood, for the firesides they have robbed of peace; for the bright young lives they have beguiled into darkness; for the hopes by them over-clouded with thick gloom, and the gray hairs by them brought down with sorrow to the grave? His text was this: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' His sermon consisted of a plain narrative of the life of CHRIST. It was simple and unadorned, and if done with art, the art consisted in not repelling the sympathy which the subject would naturally attract. There was not a fine passage or eloquent sentence in it. We were listening to a historical narrative, or if you please, to the life and adventures of a singular person. If the speaker had any lesson to teach, he did not disclose it: if he advocated any cause we were not aware of it. No one, I think, could doubt that he believed to be true the story he was telling. Aside from that or beyond it, he said nothing. There was an utter absence of exaggeration, and of every other apparent object but the development of his story. For the most part, it was serene and joyful, but toward its end the speaker's lips were seen to tremble, his eyes were slightly suffused, his tongue hesitated with suppressed feeling. But this effect was momentary; the story was made calm, whole, complete, and without a word of comment or inference, was left to produce its effects. I wish I had watched whether it produced any feeling of interest on the part of the gamblers, but if the sermon was intended for them, I do not know where their part of it came in. I forgot them. I seem to remember that the house was very still, but of every thing else outside of the story, I remember nothing. Sometimes when a boy, sheltered from sultry heats by over-hanging trees, I gazed upon the clear waters of a passing stream. Unmindful of other objects, its endless flow, its eddies, its light and shade, absorbed my thoughts. Since that time manhood and its phases have overtaken me; joys and sorrows have checkered my path; new scenes and new people, not of my childhood, surround me: gray hairs unbidden tell me that age advances; yet out from all things forgotten peep the glad waters of that sheltered brook. In my waking as in my sleeping dreams I wander back to gaze upon its endless flow and lie down under those over-hanging trees. Not unlike this have been upon me the effects of that sermon. Believing the BIBLE, I had before endeavored as I could, to carry into practice the belief common to Christians. It was, however, a belief in remote and mythical characters and events. Since that time there come over before me,

with life and fulness, the scenes of that story. I stand in their presence humbled and amazed. I find myself mentally repeating one and another of those verses you used to sing :

'I wish that His hands had been placed on *my* head,  
That His arms had been thrown around *me*,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
Let the little ones come unto Me!'

These lines were written for children : but what age or station can feel other than as a child in such a presence ?

Of the effects of this sermon upon the gamblers, if it produced effects, I am ignorant. They came after it again and again to hear him ; not uncommonly waiting after the services to shake hands and exchange a few friendly words. Perhaps they rather imagined themselves to encourage him. They were seekers of pleasure, and a turn-out to church, with a pleasant discourse, was a variety. Perhaps in time some of them might have been touched by a higher sensibility. Men and women given over to shameless pursuits, their hearts are not all stony. You shall see them agitated with emotion before the mimic sorrows of the stage. With fiery indignation they behold helpless virtue writhing in the coils of fraud. Their countenances light up with unaffected joy at the triumph of innocence. But who can tell where their habits of mingling with us, and the consequent fading away of that abhorrence which is due to bad men, might leave us !

It happened, providentially it may be, that Rev. Mr. Felix Motherwort, A.B., came among us. He raised a warning voice, and showed us to be in the broad road to ruin.

Anxiety felt at first in regard to the tightness of Mr. Motherwort's white cravat, has gradually yielded ground, and people have begun to feel easy in its presence. It is now conceded not to be in any way connected with or typical of the 'glorious liberty of the Gospel.' If there ever was a practical Christian who looked and acted the character, perhaps Mr. Motherwort is that man. He carries with him everywhere his cross. He is indeed a cross unto himself and unto the world. In his coming his awful mission shines afar. Children run from him : houses about to be visited by his solemn foot-fall put on funereal aspects. Affected by his godly walk and conversation, well-meaning citizens of both sexes fall to misapplying texts of Scripture, and acknowledge impulses unfriendly to sin and the devil. Pleasure takes to itself wings and flees. Youth and merriment put on masks, and fear to show their natural aspects.

It appears that Mr. Motherwort was once a boy ; but at an early age, so early as to be remarkable, he exhibited signs of sensibility. He read in newspapers first of all, the announcement of deaths, murders, and accidents. Several valuable tracts fell into his hands, and he shaped his own character after the models there exhibited. Seeing the promise of young Motherwort, and feeling that the harvest was ripe, and the laborers few, a neighborhood sewing-society took him in charge and educated him. Weeks and months spent he in congenial dryness and gloom among Greek and Hebrew roots. Smooth, unctuous, and sono-



rous Latin reminded him of the wiles of the Evil One, and warned him of death and judgment. Dim and melancholy moons waxed and waned, while he enlarged his naturally shining genius in the study of sectarian theology. When the early bias of his mind became fixed, and the mournful fancies of youth had ripened into bone and gristle of heavenly gloom, he was endowed with life-memberships in several societies, and sent forth to the harvest to thrust in his sickle. He did thrust it in.

Mr. Motherwell touches not, tastes not, handles not that unclean thing, the world. He knows only from theory how diverse and crooked the channels through which run the thoughts of men. He keeps, for publication after death, a diary, in which he writes often and much his devout experiences : and pity it is, a work of so much promise should be long delayed. It would not surprise him at any moment to hear a voice from the skies, saying, 'Motherwort, come up!'

His mind, his immortal mind, is clear ; seeing through the decrees of fate, and 'justifying the ways of PROVIDENCE to man.' Refreshing is it to the soul to hear him explain the attributes, and how into each other they fit. Chalk in hand, he could go to the black-board, and demonstrate religion. Stating his propositions and proving them by books, then testing a given case by his propositions, he can tell what our HEAVENLY FATHER can and what HE cannot do. DEITY HIMSELF can never vary from the ways pointed out, unless by breaking one of Mr. Motherwort's syllogisms and refusing to be impounded. As a voice crying in the wilderness, Mr. Motherwort warns and remonstrates. He comes to us with the sword of the Spirit, and cuts fearful strokes. With its keen, inexorable blade, our wicked, fearful hearts are laid open. The peaceful sermons of Father Green, their still waters, their green pastures, their comforting rod and staff, treasured idyls in the living centre of the affections, are shut out from our horizon by storms and much lightning. We have been beguiled by the cry of peace when there was no peace. We stand on the brink of a precipice, the red right arm of avenging justice uplifted to hurl us over its abysmal depths.

Mr. Motherwort is not at liberty to avoid a duty which rests upon him, to show up the Pope. Far distant in Rome, with a cap on his head, that demure old gentleman busies himself with setting traps for the world. It is wonderful how he spreads himself. We all have duties to perform in regard to the Pope. In the meshes of his net are already entangled many nations. The locks of our republican Samson are in danger of being shorn, not by any fair Delilah, but by cargoes of raw Dutch and wild Irish men.

Mr. Motherwort is alarmed and pained at the spread of intemperance. He sees clearly that persons who touch nothing that can intoxicate, will never become drunkards. Hereon grows a syllogism which lays low wine, cider, and all spirituous and malt-liquors. Persons who make and vend these mischievous liquids, and especially persons who use them only in moderate quantities, are themselves the authors of untold sin. Drunkards deserve more friendly consideration, because misled by appetite.

Mr. Motherwort looks abroad upon our smiling land and feels the pang of slavery. The iron enters his soul. The slave-holder may be supposed less sensible to the moral qualities of the outrage by him daily committed, because of the force of habit and example; but what can be said of those persons in the free States who see the crime and their rebuke withhold? The world lies in a condition neglected and dreadful. Wrong and outrage abound. The gates of death swing to-and-fro on rusty hinges creaking: now partly closed by an aroused philanthropy: by unclean and leprous shapes of moral pestilence, in out-pouring and hideous throngs, now driven wide open. Is there no more heard a reforming voice? Shall Rev. Felix Motherwort, A.B., fail to wrestle with iniquity?

One Sabbath morning; so bright and calm, the grass laughed away its dew; flowers with generous fragrance lifted their heads toward the sun; birds hopped from branch to branch and mingled their songs; there was turn-out of sporting characters to hear a sermon and prayers and hymns. Might it be possible that they felt, however vaguely, the waste and dreariness of life, useless and unblest? In the desert places of their hearts, solitudes long unbroken save by devouring passions or the dismal cry of lost virtue, might there be an unacknowledged yearning for cooling streams of generous sentiment, for seeds on which hope might grow, for songs of innocence? In obedience to the same power which directs the roots of trees sightless to their nourishment, were they turning to the cheerful voice of Father Green? In their restless reachings hither and thither with unsatisfied desire; under a sense of weariness from efforts to fill the soul with lawless indulgence, and with increase of supply feeling always greater emptiness, were they drawn, as the sun-flower to the sun, toward that trust in God which in ample fulness and content smiled through all his words and gestures?

Mr. Motherwort was present to improve the occasion. He pictured the Lake which burns with fire and brimstone, and described the tortures of that unhappy region. He made to pass before us a vision of the topographical features of the scene, enlivened with doleful cries and agony. This pleasing prospect he garnished and set off by a picture of saints on the other side of the gulf, satisfied with all refreshing and plentiful joys; with composure looking down upon their old neighbors writhing in their dismal abode, and denying them, to moisten their parched tongues, a single cooling drop of water. A variety of figures were made to wander up and down the quenchless flames, and to utter in hopeless wrangle and discord a sense of their lost condition. Lessons were drawn from these foreshadowings of doom, which were improvingly applied to the pursuits of men.

Mr. Motherwort was not unconscious of the merits of this discourse. He modestly inquired of Father Green how he liked it, and if he would please point out its defects. Father Green doubted if it could be improved. Never perhaps had it been his fortune to hear a discourse which produced upon the audience, especially upon persons of nervous sensibility, more marked effects. One suggestion, which might or might not be worth considering, had occurred to him.

Mr. Motherwort would be glad to hear it.

The suggestion was, whether the effect might or might not be heightened by mixing the sulphur, say in equal proportions, or some such matter, with assafœtida.

Mr. Motherwort looked a shade more solemn than before, but said nothing.

Sporting characters have not since shown in that house the light of their gay vestments and jewelry.

The next time Father Green met them he inquired how they liked his friend Motherwort?

'Uncommon nice man,' said one.

'Take the hair off any thing in these parts!' answered another.

'He was a-toasting of us,' continued another, 'till we was a-done brown and fricasseed!'

'Yes, Sir'ee-bob!' added another: 'The little devils took us on the hooks of their tails and held us up to the fire till we swelled and sizzled beautifully. Says I to Black Hawk, says I, see me roast and puff out. I go you a V that I do pop open or that I don't. Flip the copper to say which?'

'But suppose, boys,' said Father Green, 'it should all turn out to be true? The BIBLE certainly speaks of a lake that burns with fire and brimstone, and of lost souls suffering in it.'

'Come, now!' says Black Hawk, a little cowed: 'You don't think we are thieves and murderers and fiends, do you?' 'Upon my word!' said Father Green: 'If you do not want to be saved enough to ask for it, there seems to me a decided probability you may not be saved. In the world are so many people, the LORD might be able to get along well, leaving you and me out of his calculations. If we entirely prefer the company of Satan in this world, what motive can our LORD have for making us His unwilling guests in the next? I tell you frankly, my friends, that in my opinion, those who serve the devil work hard for poor pay. It is strange that a set of as shrewd fellows as you are, should be so bewheedled and duncified by that Old Humbug! You serve him night and day, make his enemies your enemies, his friends your friends, and what get you for it? No wives, no children, no home, no property, no reputation, no true love, no rest. Free course of irregular and lawless appetites held out as his chief lure and reward, he gives in such coarse and mercenary modes as to spoil all excellency of relish. The mistress who pillows your head on her bosom, and for a price talks sentiment to you to-night, for an equal price and with equal pleasure to-morrow night would betray you to the police. Are you sick, your great master peeps into your solitary room, in the third, fourth, or fifth story of some cheerless mansion, puts his thumb to his nose, and twirls his little finger at you. If you die—but that would be shocking! Let us not talk about it. Well, boys, I must go on: I wish you well.'

The Rev. Mr. Felix Motherwort, A.B., is the life and soul of progress and reform. He makes us hear his voice while it is yet to-day. Under his leadership has been formed an anti-slavery society, the members of which call themselves brothers and sisters of freedom. They are salty, and most likely, the salt of the earth: their sentiments, especially on

occasions when nothing of the kind is expected, they freely speak. If more people would join this society, it would do a great deal of good. Slaveholders, if they would attend its sittings, could hardly fail to be improved. It charges itself with the serious duty of loading, wadding, ramming-down, priming, taking aim of and cocking public opinion, which might before now have been discharged with effect, but for unexpected mis-fires. Against future accidents of the same kind to guard, a great work remains to be done in the neighborhood and the Church. At the feet of this society the world and the Church lie in ignoble repose. It is to be feared that self-interest, mammon, moral emptiness, in short, cotton, may be at the bottom of an indifference so unaccountable. Greater is the need that freedom's trumpet should be blown, until its piercing sounds and multiplied echoes shall disturb the general numbness.

Not long ago this society came near electing a friend of freedom to the office of probate judge, which would have been a blow at the institution of slavery greatly to be remembered. It happened that the candidate was a user of tobacco in several ways. A portion of the society look upon tobacco as an uncleanness and pollution. They think its use befouls the body and makes it an unfit temple for the Spirit to dwell in. They would as soon tolerate slavery itself. They cannot conscientiously compromise with any kind of foulness.

The candidate promised to forego chewing: he presumed his segars were harmless. It would n't do: his segars also must be destroyed. Away went his segars, but his snuff remained. He promised to reduce his snuff to three pinches a day; and this, some of the moderate brethren thought might be a fair compromise. On this point grew a division which threatened disaster to humanity's cause. With troubled spirit in vain Mr. Motherwort lifted up his philanthropic voice. Willing was the candidate to yield his three pinches, but the friends of tobacco would listen to no such terms. They did not require him to use tobacco, but if he were required to abandon its use, they were all as good as disfranchised. The question might as well be met. If the anti-tobaccos would vote for no man who used tobacco, the pro-tobaccos would vote for no one who did not use it. So the brothers and sisters of freedom were split.

Mr. Motherwort prudently endeavored to compose differences. He explained how this new strife might endanger the cause in which they all embarked together. He thought the tobacco question might be postponed. Both pro-tobaccos and anti-tobaccos were surprised to see Mr. Motherwort show the white feather. They did not look for *him*, of all men, to tamper with principle: they did not expect to see him so suddenly turn conservative! As for them, they must do their duty, and let consequences take care of themselves. If all at once, and unaccountably, their respected friend Mr. Motherwort had become afraid to face the music; if he had been influenced, they would not say, by personal considerations, it was no reason why *they* should falter in carrying out their principles. No: the banner was hung on the outer wall, the fight must go on. A caricature was got out, representing Rev. Mr. Motherwort, his white cravat drawn almost to the point of strangu-

tion, astride of an enormous tobacco-plug, trying to lean both ways at the same moment. The friends of freedom were beaten, and for yet another period the estates of deceased persons must be settled on proslavery principles. The feelings of Mr. Motherwort were wounded and embittered. The brothers and sisters of freedom were 'sweet bells jangled out of tune.' A highly respectable and sedate portion of the public was rather pleased than otherwise, seeing that the compromises of the Constitution had been preserved, and the dissolution of the Union was no longer imminent.

We have also a Maine Law Society, which is doing a great deal. It is visited once in a while by an 'apostle of temperance,' who tells interesting stories of persons who signed the pledge and were the better for it. Mr. Motherwort also has the honor to be on intimate terms with a number of reformed drunkards who used to be dirty brutes, and who are now shining examples for mankind, because they are not dirty brutes any more. It is a distinguishing thing to have been a sot, and to have starved and bullied one's wife and children. Of this sort, one of the most valuable did us the honor to address the society. Rather coarsely he told his experiences; but with satisfaction to himself, and edifying particularity of details, he related to an applauding audience how he had driven his sick wife out of doors, and broken the back of one of his children. They call him the 'Beetle of Temperance.' He said if there had been no 'sperits' which he could possibly get hold of he never should have done it. So long as a drop of the accursed liquid remains on sale, he claims to be liable to commit again the same barbarities. And every other man who does not live up to the temperance pledge, he tells us, is hurrying on to similar acts. The Beetle of Temperance draws large crowds, and is honored with copious hospitalities. The outrages confessed by him are not confessed as his sins; they lie at the doors of those who manufactured and sold the liquor, and especially at the doors of all who used it in small quantities. Having washed his hands of the responsibility, no man is more indignant at these wrongs than the Beetle. But Beetles of Temperance and Apostles of Temperance are not alike. As one star differeth from another star in glory, so an apostle is higher than a beetle. Behind this Maine Law Society we have a Carson League, which watches it; behind this is Rev. Felix Motherwort, to watch the League. Committees also have we to wait upon Beetles and Apostles.

This year the Maine Law Society would have swept every thing before it, and would have elected a tee-totaller to the Legislature; but the nominee on their ticket was not strongly committed against Popery. A portion of the temperance league disliked the Pope more than they disliked alcohol and fermented liquors, and so between the two dislikes the cause suffered, and its friends were beaten.

Father Green is not active in these useful and reformatory organizations. When pressed he acknowledges to be great the evils against which they are aimed, and hopes they will do good. He feels less sure of results than some do. Let others go forward who see more clearly. Hence we are separating into parties, and a large portion of our people are either Greenites or Motherwortarians.

I hope never to lose my affection for Father Green, but surely the world must roll over. The waves of progress and reform may not be staid.

Mr. Motherwort has recently written and published a powerful tract entitled, '*The Blaspheming Young Coffin-Maker who was Bored to Death with an Auger.*' Nicholas Bottleweiler worked at the trade of making coffins, and frequently took into his stomach alcoholic and fermented drinks. He amused himself at his work by wondering how the demand for coffins should so equal the supply; and is supposed to have made a little money and to have gained a pretty number of drinks by hiring his services one night to recapture a runaway slave. Ever after this event his dreams were unhappy. He dreamed he was in one of his own coffins, and lowered into a dreadful burning lake, where the varnish on his coffin took fire and made his condition bad. At other times he was lowered into the same burning liquid in one of his cast-iron coffins, which became hot and baked him. At other times his breath would seem to take fire and burn like a spirit-lamp. Of a bright morning, when most things were bright and fresh, he was haggard and tired with these terrible dreams. At length his soul was fearfully roused to learn what it should do to be saved. In all the imaginary scenes of terror through which he passed, the liquor-dealer of whom he bought his drinks, was present, increasing the conflagration by pouring on alcohol; and the negro he helped to catch, followed him, or stood over him with a lighted sulphurous torch. He felt himself dreadfully burthened with sin, and his past life stood before him in awful judgment. He joined a temperance society, and an abolition society, and after sufferings to which no pen but that of Mr. Motherwort can do justice, the clouds broke away, and he leaped for joy. For a season he tasted the consolations of hope. But the devil appeared to him, with hoofs and claws, and blue flames streamed from his mouth, while clouds of black smoke rolled from his nostrils. While Bottleweiler and Satan stood facing each other, the former sung a hymn, and with an impulse of vain-glory in his own powers, bade the latter do his worst. Soon the fearful shape begun to change its aspects, and like fogs moved by wind, assumed a variety of pleasing appearances, ending with the resemblance of a young, beautiful, and blooming female, to whom he had endeavored in vain to make himself agreeable, her bosom heaving, her eyes flashing upon Bottleweiler with tender fires, ready to fall upon his bosom with sweet confessions of regard: Bottleweiler attempted to throw his arms around her, but Satan rose from the earth between them, the blue flames again pouring from his mouth, the smoke rolling from his nostrils, and told Bottleweiler no earthly force could help him to the society of his beloved, except by submission to his requests. Bottleweiler must first go and take one glass of brandy; he must blaspheme in his old manner; he must curse abolitionists; and must strive to influence at least one companion to strike his name from the Carson League. Here Bottleweiler attempted to sing another hymn, but it stuck in his throat, and stopped his breath; struggling to recover which he awoke from his dream. But the kindness of his beloved, so different from her wont, and the glass of brandy, had been as it were seared into



his brain. Days and weeks he carried with him an unquenchable thirst for brandy, and his bosom was in tumult at the thoughts of that enticing vision. Worn out by unceasing appetite, at length he took a single glass of brandy, resolving to take but one. But alas! the barrier had been broken over; another and another glass followed, till Bottleweller became a sot, and returned like a dog to his vomit, and a sow to her wallow in the mire. He cursed abolitionists, boasting his fulfilment of his league with Satan. One condition more, and only one, remained to be fulfilled. He would persuade his friend Dailiwork to strike his name from the Carson League. Dailiwork was at service in a large establishment with machinery, when Bottleweller approached, so under the influence of alcoholic drinks he could scarcely walk steadily. His tongue was thick, and he said: 'Dev'l take me, 'f I'd stay in such 'n 'ornary ——'

He was going to say 'League,' but leaning too far back as he pronounced the above words, he was caught on the point of a two-inch auger whirled by machinery, and a hole bored clear through his vitals. In his few last moments he seemed to see unpleasant sights, mumbled to something to get out of his way, and uttered broken sentences about blue flames, and smoke:

THUS it was feared that his wicked soul  
Was seized by APOLLYON through an auger-hole:  
A warning to drinkers to touch and taste no more;  
Poor BOTTLEWEILER died of an awful bore.

Such is an abstract and compendium of Mr. Motherwort's tract: but its literary merits are of a kind that nothing short of his language can give you a true notion of its power.

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SHE DIED, YET IS NOT DEAD.

She died, yet is not dead!  
Ye saw a daisy on her tomb;  
It bloomed to die — she died to bloom:  
Her summer hath not sped.

She died, yet is not dead!  
Ye saw her gazing toward the skies,  
But heaven beamed ne'er on mortal eyes:  
She lingered, yearned, and fled.

She died, yet is not dead!  
Ye saw her jewels all unset,  
But GOD then made a coronet,  
And put it on her head!

She died, yet is not dead!  
By pearly gate and golden street  
She walked her way with shining feet:  
Go ye and thither tread!

THEOPHORE TILTON.



## THE GRAVE OF THE UNRECORDED.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

In a vine-girt valley  
O'er the seas,  
Nestled, calmly sleeping,  
From the north wind's sweeping,  
In the forest bosom  
Of the Pyrenees:

Lies a chapel, shrouded  
In the gloom:  
From its ivied tower  
Tolls the passing hour  
On the stillness brooding  
Over many a tomb.

Many a tablet crouches,  
Dank and dim:  
Scarce a name displaying,  
'Neath those boughs, whose swaying  
Ever seems to murmur  
Nature's funeral hymn.

In the sternest shadow  
Rests a stone  
Rank with moss and sorrel:  
Save a withered laurel,  
Epitaph or moral  
O'er the mound, is none.

In a laughing summer,  
Long ago,  
Ere the earliest blushing  
Of the sun-rays, flushing  
O'er the hills, had cloven  
Through the mists below:

By the opal glimmer  
Of the skies,  
Toward that valley sleeping,  
Shadowless and creeping,  
Marched a grim battalion —  
Murder in their eyes:

In their van, a peasant  
Of the vale,  
(From his couch they tore him;)  
Gleaming swords were o'er him:  
Dreadful death before him,  
Should the traitor fail!

But a mighty purpose  
Steeled his soul:  
While, with well-dissembled

Fear his strong limbs trembled,  
As he led them onward  
To their bloody goal.

Through the gorge, they, toiling,  
    Silent strove ;  
He the van still heading,  
Till they saw, far-spreading,  
Many a cottage, peeping  
Through its olive grove.

From a hundred falchions  
    Flashes break !  
When a cry, far-ringing,  
Clarion echoes flinging,  
Down the valley rattles :  
'Awake ! To arms ! Awake !'

Through the low-boughed orchards  
    Rolls the cry,  
Far along the river,  
Where the leaflets quiver  
With the rushing echoes,  
'To arms ! Awake ! or die !'

Then, for one dread moment  
    All is still !  
But those blades, late gleaming,  
Now with gore are streaming,  
And a life is ebbing  
On that vine-clad hill !

Fast the mist is rising  
    To the thirsty sun :  
Bright the stream is flowing,  
With a golden glowing ;  
But amid the grass-blades  
Crimson streamlets run !

From the belfry-tower,  
    Clang on clang,  
Pearly triumph rattle :  
'God hath won the battle !  
HEAVEN'S own herald surely  
That blest warning rang !'

To the chapel, shrouded  
    In the gloom ;  
With a voice of wailing,  
Sable garments trailing,  
Bear they many a hero  
To a hero's tomb.

From the vine-clad hill-side,  
Peasants twain,  
For the greed of guerdon  
Drag a lifeless burden,  
For, within his bosom  
Was the gold of Spain.

In the shadowed church-yard,  
 All alone,  
 This fair form they bury :  
 With a careless hurry,  
 Flinging on the nameless  
 Grave a nameless stone !

*Philadelphia, Jan. 19th, 1856.*

## THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

### NUMBER THREE.

#### THE YANKEES ABOUT THE ASTOR-HOUSE.

'Oh! there's not in this wide world a pleasure so sweet,  
 As to sit at a h6-tel and tilt up your feet:  
 Pull away at the 'Cuba' whose flavor just suits,  
 And gaze at the world 'twixt the toes of your boots.'

BOSTON PAPER.

WHOEVER has lived, 'any thing like a good while,' at a New-York hotel, soon learns to tell where a man dates from by his *set*. Men *will* show themselves : and I, though by no means pretending to be one of the 'cute sort, don't often miss telling what a man's 'havings' are, when I've once given him a regular tax-collector's look.

Among the great variety of interesting creatures who flock, feed, and flourish about the Astor-House, the most curious are, beyond all ciphering, the Yankees. The Astor is the best place to study them. To gratify his particular taste, the Yankee prefers the Saint-Nicholas or the Metropolitan, and indeed there has always been a great rush of these children of the North, as some body calls them, to the last house. But the Astor is nearer business : it is there that business can be best driven during the off-hours, and at the Astor you accordingly find him.

To the Englishman, every body who hails from the u-niversal American nation is a Yankee. In his native ignorance he believes that Bostonians carry bowie-knives, that there are large manufactories of wooden-nutmegs in Philadelphia, that the North-River people excel in gouging out eyes, and that the South-Carolina folks are great as tin-peddlers. Even on this side of the Collins and Cunard ferry, a mysterious doubt exists as to the head-quarters of the real Yankee. Though the New-England States alone can give him birth, it is not less true that the Philadelphian regards as Yankee every thing north of Richmond, junior : the far-Western man applies the term to all the Middle States, as well as the Eastern : and the Southerner lumps up as 'Yankee,' every thing born on free-soil. Jack Downing says that Maine is the middle and kernel of real Yankeeism ; Rhode-Island and Connecticut point to each other as the focus of the article : while the Massachusetts man will tell

you that the real slab-sided whittler is indigenous to Varmount and New-Hampshire, from the mountains of which he descends like a wolf on the fold to prey amid the fertile fields which lie green before him.

According to my own notions, (not claiming to be one of your 'cute sort, I'm willing to be corrected,) the educated and intelligent Yankee, who cherishes at heart an intense local pride of birth and blood, is rather most at home in the Bay State, where he ripens as you approach Boston. The 'univarsal genius' who forces himself out into the world, and up to *any thing*, in spite of the worst draw-backs of fortune and education, (and who don't generally stick at a trifle in so doing,) comes from farther North, while the Barnum or money-Yankee proper, belongs to Connecticut. There is also a variety of the desperate and sometimes dissipated Yankee, peculiar to Rhode-Island, where he is apt to belong to Cumberland or Providence, which latter town was written down more than a century ago in history as a remarkably hard concern. Coincident with Providence I may mention Newport, which was once the more flourishing establishment of the two; so much so in fact, that there are old folks at home in the watering-place who tell with pride of the day when if a Providencer wanted more than a whole gallon of molasses at once, he had to send to Newport to get it. But Newport is now like the Virginia gentleman who, having wasted his substance during the days of his youth by riotous living, and by jumping up behind on his neighbors' notes, was obliged in his old age to open tavern and sell rum in order to gain an honest living.

There are towns in New-England, such for example as Norwich, Connecticut, possessed of a refined and highly-educated society, which might be considered as more appropriate to the Fifth-avenue: that is, if the Fifth-avenuers had read a little more, and could boast a little information outside of the opera and the latest fashions. The Newcome who lands in one of these towns, expecting to find himself among the greenest of the most verdant sort of country-Yankees, is compelled to admit that there are no places in the world similarly *retiracied* which are less provincial or more agreeable.

But the Yankee, though cosmo-polite in general, and personally polite in particular, cherishes at heart a great sympathy for his own stripe, even when he hides it like the ground-work of a rising speculation from the world. Like Jesuits, Gipsies, and Free-Masons, the Yankees have among themselves a sort of mystic fraternity, and will 'explaterate' socially together in a way which they would be uncommonly scarce of showing to any outsidng non-Yankee.

I had often observed in the reading-room of our own and the up-town hotels a gray but fresh-looking old gentleman, who might, as far as looks went, have come from anywhere, or, for that matter, have gone anywhere, without looking particularly out of place. One evening I was sort of coincidentally introduced to him by Neponset Peabody, ('Squire Peabody that was, of Thermopylæ, now of Beaver-street.)

'Mister Doolittle, allëaow me to introdëuce yëu to Mister Sloper.'

Mr. Doolittle rose and honored me with the bow of a gentleman of the old-school.

'I am happy, Sir, to make your acquaintance. I have frequently,

Sir, had the honor of seeing you, Sir, about the house. I have heard Mr. Stetson speak of you, Sir, as one of whom a more intimate knowledge was to be desired.'

'Sir,' said I, 'the pleasure as I reckon is about reciprocal.'

'A hotel like this, Sir,' pursued Mr. Doolittle, 'affords many facilities for studying the curious and agreeable phases of human nature. Nothing, Sir, is so pleasant to me as, after my daily devotion to business, (to which I have as it were a settled aversion,) to forget the miserable toil of traffic, and recreate my fancy by looking at folks as they run round here.'

'Business, Sir,' says I, 'must be business. Dollars are dollars.'

'The almighty dollar, Sir, is the pest and bane and venom of the country. We are becoming, Sir, a parcel of dollar-hunters, and it is with regret that I observe an increasing tendency among us, Sir, to regard without reprobation transactions which are not a great ways off from regular swindles. *Art*, Sir, should interest us. I make a point of going every day into Sherwood's, merely to study the exquisite painting behind the bar. Nor should *Literature* be neglected.' Here Mr. Doolittle flourished the *Life of Barnum*, which he held in his hand.

Neponset Peabody had been listening to all this with a look of ghastly bewilderment. At last he broke :

'I say, Mister Doolittle, I rather calculate nêow that yêu did n't hear this gentleman's name. Mace Sloper, Sir ! Sho' — why yêu must a' known the Slopers of Chippety Whonk ? — grand-son of old Azariah Sloper, who fit at Bunker-Hill. He an't a Yankee by birth — but he's one of us, you know.'

'*We — all*,' replied Mr. Doolittle, beginning the word in New-Yorker and ending it in Yankee, 'I should kinder calculate that I *did* know old Azariah, and the hull lot on 'em. So yêu're Mace Sloper, hay ? Tarnal smart brother that o' yourn. I lost a thêaousand dollars once by him. It was just abêaout the most elegant chisel I ever stud. I never think on it, Sir, without admiration. Any body, Sir, who can shave as clêuse as yêu're brother Madison shaves, deserves all the money he can git. Wâll, he dus ! How do yêu like livin' here to the Astor, Mr. Sloper ?'

'Pretty well,' said I, 'about middling.'

'I like it,' pursued Mr. Doolittle, 'because it's a tip-top place *to bore and drum*. A Southern or Western man, Sir, when he goes skewtin' abêaout, buyin' goods in bisness heours, keeps his eye-teeth skinned. But up to the hotel a'ter dinner or supper-time, he feels sorter sociable-like, and can be hooked as easy as a bull-frog with red flannel. Half the time yêu need n't say nothin' to him about goods, for his head's full on 'em, and if yêu only lay low, he'll begin on *yêu*. There are men here, Sir, who I watch, so to speak — wâll, asleep and awake têu. A man, Mr. Sloper, to be in business, should be nothin' *but* a business-man. Yêu just said somethin', Sir, which did yêu honor, when yêu said, 'Business must be business, and dollars air dollars !' It orter be written in letters 'er gold (if they did n't cost têu much) in every young man's store. Talking o' business, Mr. Peabody, what do yêu think of Yonkville ?'

'Stocks' sorter goin' to rise, I calculate,' replied Neponset. 'Eph Stebbins has sold 'em a tarnation lot of iron at half-price, and is goin' to take it in sheers. It 'll come out in the statement and make a rise.'

'Stebbins can't deliver, of course.'

'Wall — if the stock rises *very* high, prehaps he will. Then, Mr. Dëulittle, *we* hold on. If it don't — why, we sell.'

'Jest what my daughter Hopeful sed this mornen. She come dëoun to the store and asked me to buy her all the Yonkville I could find at sixty. 'Why, Hope,' says I, 'what on airth sets yëu to buyin that stock?' 'Never yëu mind, Father,' sez she; '*it's comin' up.*' Now how under the sun did the gal find that all äout?'

'Sho!' cried Peabody, 'daon't yëu *see*? Sol. Stebbings, Eph's cousin, was an old beau of Hope's, and she got him into the secretaryship of the road. Sol writ to her, *of* course. Wal, Mr. Doolittle, as yëu and I and Eph have got all the Yonkville we can kerry, I daon't care if Miss Hope *doos* git a slice. We're the ony Eastern folks in it, 'less Mr. Sloper 'll take a few — and of course any body else may be stuck and be *darned*!'

'Of course,' placidly answered the old gentleman. 'By *the* way, Mr. Peabody, did yëu know that Vandam is in a mighty tight place?'

'Deu tell!'

'Fact. Ezry Bullard heerd Vandam tellin' on it to his brother in the cars, Tuesday night. *Ez* got rite straight out 'er the train and come tarin' back to New-York to see if I could help him make eny thing out on it.'

'*Thunder*-ation!' replied Peabody. 'Why, Vandam owns five hundred sheers of Yonkville. Set Old Hardy to threaten to sue Van, and Van's stock 'll all be in the market right away, But I can't take more 'n a quarter on 't.'

'Wall, sposen you and I, Steb, Hope, and Mr. Sloper — bein' s we're all Eastern folks — just cut that Vandam stock into five pieces?'

'I'm agreed,' said I.

'And I,' replied Mr. Peabody, as he rose to go. Just then a Baltimore man came within ear-shot, and Mr. Doolittle, as he departed, said:

'Sir, I am most happy to have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance. An hour, Sir, thus spent in congenial and elevated conversation, is, in *my* opinion, worth an eternity of the dull routine of conventionalism and trade. Good night, Sir.'

And with a courtly bow the good old gentleman bade adieu. In less than two minutes he had made the acquaintance of three Mississippians, and within a quarter-of-an-hour had invited them to a quiet supper in his parlor up-stairs. Walked off humming to myself the ditty of 'The Spider and the Fly.'

Messrs. Peabody and Doolittle, with their friends Stebbins and Bullard, are only a sample of the 'mean Yankees,' who have, however, by their brass, avarice, and marked peculiarities, given a sort of coloring to the entire race. Far superior to them, in every respect, are the quiet Yankees and the fast Yankees.

Uncle Ebbin, as we used to call him, was a good specimen of a *quiet Yankee*. He was somewhat short of stature, and had the dark complexion and bright eye peculiar to certain Rhode-Island families, who derive it from their Huguenot ancestry. Uncle Ebbin molested no body and questioned no body, though by some miraculous tact he contrived to be better posted up on people and business than any other man of my acquaintance. He would sit for hours silently chewing his Cavendish-cud of reflection, and gazing out into the park in summer or at the fire in winter, but keeping up meanwhile a mischief of a thinking, and digging out big nuggets of useful conclusions. People seemed some how to think that it was their bounden duty to go to Uncle Ebbin and tell him every thing. He was the confident of half who knew him. When sitting with him in his room, I have known gentlemen to enter fairly burning with impatience to disclose matters of moment. The secret of Uncle Ebbin's popularity as a keeper of confidences, consisted, as he admitted to me, 'in not caring much about hearing them, or in *making out* so.'

'Uncle Ebbin,' Smith would say, 'between you and me and Mr. Sloper, I should like your opinion on a little personal affair.'

'Well, now,' said Uncle Ebbin, 'Mr. Smith, if it is really personal, I guess you'd find it best in the end to say nothin' about it.'

'Yes—I know—to any body else. But you can advise me, I reckon. You see that Jim Harrison——'

'Wonder what all that noise's about in the entry?' quoth Uncle Ebbin, turning an ear toward the door, as if Smith's story was about of no interest at all.

'Now, Uncle Ebbin, do *just* listen. You know that Harrison——'

'Yes, I know,' answered Uncle Ebbin with the air of a man trying to appear attentive when he's half-asleep. '*Dick* Harrison you said——'

'No I did n't; I said *Jim* Harrison. Well, Harrison calculates to marry my niece, and——'

Here Uncle Ebbin seized the poker, and began working away at the fire as if distracted.

'Now, Uncle Ebbin, do stop that infernal noise. My niece——'

'Go ahead! I can hear you and fix the fire, too.'

'Niece Julia'll marry Harrison, and I've got to pay over twenty thous——'

'Mace—got a segar?' inquired Uncle Ebbin.

'Twenty thousand dollars when she gets married, and Harrison's got my note for ten. Now if I pay my niece, I can't pay Harrison; and visy versy.'

'Sho! how you talk!' replied Ebbin. 'But was you using the money for Julia or for yourself?'

'All for her benefit, every red.'

'Well,' (here Uncle Ebbin took up the poker again,) 'as Harrison's a clever fellow, (a poke,) I think you'd better (another poke) tell him the whole story.'

'I don't like to, Uncle Ebbin. He might take it into his head that——'



'I guess not,' said Uncle Ebbin. 'He's a pretty fair sort of a clever fellow.'

'Well, Uncle Ebbin, you know Harrison like a book. Now if *you* 'll only talk to him and fix things straight?'

'Well — meddlers only hurt themselves — I'll try. But you must work up Julia's money as soon as ever you can.'

'I'll do it, Uncle Ebbin, I'll do it, and much obliged to you.'

In a quiet way Uncle Ebbin was a very liberal, generous man. Many of his charities, it is true, flowed over fields which afterwards bore him a rich crop in the way of business, but he generally managed these matters so as to do lots of good and to evade suspicion of interest. When he founded the Snagbottom Seminary, it was supposed from the earnestness with which he insisted that none but clergymen's widows should teach in the institution, that he only had a view to establishing a poor relative or two of his own. At the time, however, Uncle Ebbin *happened to know* that a rail-road would soon be built to that interesting village; and sure enough, in process of time, there came any quantity of customers over that road to the store of the famed patron of Snagbottom. But a very fair proportion of Uncle Ebbin's loose change was cast where it certainly brought in no reward 'this side of Jordan.'

There are thousands of Yankees like Uncle Ebbin, quiet, kind-hearted yet shrewd men, who attract but little notice in the world at large. Some how, with all his honesty and unobtrusiveness, he contrived to make even more money than friend Doolittle — a matter which puzzled the latter not a little. I solved it in my own way by concluding that, in the long run, a reputation for sterling honesty and kind-heartedness will aid a man *about as much*, even in business, as the most unlimited amount of humbug, though the latter be backed by any amount of brains. Friend Doolittle contrived to secure a tremendous lot of *new* customers; Uncle Ebbin never lost any of the *old ones*.

Hiram Twine was a good specimen of a go-ahead, yet honest, Yankee. Hiram had travelled the world over, knew every body, had an inkling of almost every thing, and never lost sight withal of *the main chance*. Hiram was *some* on horses, *numerous* at billiards, *immense* at ten-pins, and upward of considerable among the politicians. I know that when I say that Hiram was known to all, and beloved by many of the big-bugs at Washington, my assertion as to his honesty will be looked upon as rather shaky, or at least smoky — but it is true nevertheless. Perhaps he set off the evil effect of his political associations by an incredibly extended intimacy among clergymen of *most* denominations and ladies of *all*. Uncle Ebbin and I followed Hiram one fine day up Broadway, and watched him as he bowed. Such a mess of salutations never before greeted any one man, unless it were the Governor, or Clark of the KNICKERBOCKER. Among the noddors were

John Van Buren.

The Four-Cent Man.

Mrs. Van Huysensplash and daughters.

Brother Greeley of the '*Tribune*.'

Tom Hyer.

'George.'

The Lime-kiln Man.

Judge Hardshell.

Mrs. Fitzsplendid Buckhorn.	Boventhien Van Spuytentyfel and family.
St. Leger of Cuba.	The Original Jacobs.
Rev. Dr. Eagles.	Puffer Hopkins.
The Editor of the Bunkum Flagstaff.	Madame Killdeville.
Our Cousin Frederick.	Dr. Francis.
Col. Cobweb.	Col. Du Solle.
Sim Draper.	Bancroft.
Our Fanny.	Kate.
Brown of Grace-Church.	O'Connor.
Carl Benson.	N. P. Wiggles.
Baron Spolasco.	Burton.
Little Jacob.	Pat Hearn.
Dan Bixby.	Collins.
George Law-less.	Caleb Lyon of Lyonsdale.
Rev. H. Ward Speecher.	Grinnell.
Miss Van Killen.	† Bishop — .
Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.	Par Venue, Esq.
Sappho Basbleu.	Mrs. Beauty Belle Ermine.
Le Grand Smith.	Count Gurowski.
La Belle Pirouette.	Count Tschistossersdetschijetschestnost-sky.
J. E. Cooley.	Counsellor Slashing.
John Wheeler.	
Cogswheel.	

And numerous other ladies and gentlemen well known in our gay metropolis.

Hiram's ostensible occupation or profession seemed to consist in taking hold of any thing that turned up, though he did n't confine himself strictly to this particular line. Mysterious stock operations in London, lobbying in every legislative assembly in the country, and vast gettings-up of corporations, alternated with a little cock-fighting, a very little tiger-scratching, and *not* a little love-making, occupied a portion of his time. He was singularly well looked upon by the editorial fraternity, having been at divers times 'one of 'em' himself, and always having a quiet hand in the game somewhere as proprietor, correspondent, or the Lord knows what. Hiram delighted in 'little dinners;' and at these assemblages which he gave about once a day on an average the year round, you seldom failed to see several gentlemen whose somewhat disordered hair, pale countenances, and noble, intellectual expression bore witness to the wearying yet elevating influence upon the system, exerted by the 'sitting up late for the mails.' Great institution, those mails!

I shall give no personal delineation of Hiram, for the chances are, reader, ten to one that if you've ever been *about* in the least yourself, you have seen him and 'spoked to him.' Hiram is getting to be well known in these days; in fact, there are a great many of him — though I'm sorry to say that all are not equally commendable. From the salmon-haunted shores of California to the seal-skinned frozen wastes of Captain Nat Palmer's Land; from the Esquimaux track of Grinnell's exploring-boat to the hide-and-horny port of Valparaiso; from London to Canton, and from here to Hades, the shrewd, accomplished, gentlemanly Yankee Hiram is 'around.' Once in a while a stray word or a quaint phrase betrays his Northern birth; and once in a while, too, a *rayther* close trade indicates a somewhat more than average perception of his own rights. But he is not of the Sam Slick and Yankee

Hill school. Those delineations of the Yankee have long ceased to be faithful portraits of the great mass of the sons of New-England, and it is evident enough to the most unpractised vision that in a very few years — long, perhaps, ere the Pennsylvania German or Southern Cracker shall have lost the dialect of his fathers — Mr. Doolittle and Lot Sap Sags will be among the things that were. It is not, in fact, until a type of character begins to vanish, that it becomes universally known and understood.

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STANZAS : THE PARTING.

'It is thus the bright visions and joys of youth break up  
For ever!' Festus.

I.

It may be we shall never meet again ;  
I know we shall not meet for many years :  
And ah ! perchance our meeting may be then  
As now our parting is, with mournful tears.

II.

We shall have learned that life 's an earnest thing .  
Not a mere dream of summer flowers and skies :  
Nor TIME, an angel bright, whose changing wing  
Grows but more gorgeous as it swifter flies.

III.

And each new year will bring us more of care :  
Will teach us how our brightest hopes decay :  
Till we shall learn to think that *all* things fair,  
Even for very brightness, pass away !

IV.

We shall be older then — perchance more wise,  
If it be wisdom that we know the truth,  
How, one by one, each fervid feeling dies,  
And the heart loses its best joys with youth.

V.

We shall be changed : those lips as fresh as morn,  
All warm and dewy, may be thin and pale :  
Or, I may see them curled in bitter scorn,  
As friends desert thee, or as true hearts fail.

VI.

The love-light in thine eye will pass away :  
Care make its resting-place thy fair young brow :  
Ah ! should we meet again, some future day,  
Thou wilt not be the same I part from now.

L. W. F.

## ENTRANCE OF THE CRIMEAN HEROES INTO PARIS.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN

'WHILE passing down the Boulevards to witness the entrance of the Crimean heroes, I met a friend looking on the fête with a gravity mingled of sternness and melancholy. Before his German imagination there was passing down the Boulevards—not seen by French eyes, dazzled by the halo of French glory, that surrounded the war-worn soldiers—a ghostly procession of the thousands who will *not* return from the Crimea! His vision was filled with a terrible 'dance of death.'

NEW-YORK PAPER.

THEY come! the Imperial cohorts come!  
With clanging trump, with rolling drum;  
With musket-clash, with sabre-clank;  
Troop after troop, rank upon rank!

Beneath thy splendid Arch d'Etoile  
See the Imperial bands defile:  
Dragoon, Chasseur, and Cuirassier;  
The grim, stern-visaged grenadier;  
The Voltigeurs of St. Antoine;  
The dashing Zouaves' brilliant line;  
While the thronged pavements ring and reel  
Beneath the artillery's iron wheel.

These be no gala-troops, I ween,  
Marching with warlike port and mien  
By thy fair borders, lovely Seine!  
For as the lightning scathes the oak,  
So is each helm by sabre-stroke  
And bullet-dint all rent in twain;  
Each gay garb soiled by battle-stain.  
Yet proudly their brave banners fly,  
And proud their step, and brave their eye,  
Though scored with gashes rough and grim,  
With bandaged brow, and shattered limb.

A stranger gazed upon that scene  
With folded arm and gloomy mien:  
He saw not in that proud parade  
The tossing plume, the brandished blade,  
Nor were there present to *his* gaze  
Brows radiant with victorious bays.

Forth, where the Black Sea's billows roar  
Around the rough Crimean shore;  
Far forth, where Russian tempests blow  
Horrid with drifts of blinding snow;  
Forth, where the flames of conflict roll  
O'er thy rent walls, Sebastopol;  
Forth, where the shattered rocks are strown  
With purple gore, and mouldering bone;  
Forth, where the sparkling snows are spread  
With anguished life, with mangled dead;  
*There* forth, his mournful fancy flees:  
The dead, the lost, alone he sees!

He views those gallant regiments  
Swarm from their countless huts and tents:

He views them on that flaming height,  
 The Mamelon, in stormy fight;  
 He marks their thousands disappear  
 Beneath the murderous strife's career;  
 The blazing mine, the ensanguined wall,  
 The bayonet-thrust, the splintering ball,  
 The cannoneers, all grimed with smoke,  
 The bursting shell, the gashing stroke;  
 And all those frightful scenes of hell  
 Where Death and Vengeance toll the knell!

On thy stern heights, dark Inkermann!  
 He sees Death lead the battle-van;  
 The Redan reddens with its flood,  
 And Alma is baptized in blood;  
 Fierce Balaklava's waving grass  
 Reeks where the steps of Slaughter pass;  
 The Gaul, the Briton, and the Turk  
 Are toiling at their dreadful work!

He sees no brave heroic crowd;  
 He sees the spectre and the shroud:  
 He sees no manly form of life;  
 He sees the dagger and the knife:  
 He sees in place of flags displayed,  
 The dripping bayonet—the blade:  
 He sees no laurelled conquerors there,  
 But desolation and despair!

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### Schediasms.

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BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

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MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

#### PART ONE.

I was not born for this. No. One odd circumstance with another, a lack of self-reliance and an infirmity of will, (signal vices of my character,) have stranded me upon this queer occupation. My friends say of me: 'He has no energy, and he is fit for nothing better.' Well, so be it. Here I am, and here I seem likely to be. Lucky perhaps I am, and better cared for in these hard times, than many a poor fellow with more than twice my deserts. My life has been a rambling and unsteady one. I have read and seen much of men and manners, and something of books. Having a tenacious memory, and being accustomed to minute observation, and possessing a taciturn disposition, a habit of musing upon what is passing around me has grown with my years and has become inveterate. My present way of life is surely monotonous enough in its routine: the tread-mill excepted, I can scarcely fancy any more so; yet it affords me much food for my peculiarity to feed upon. I have here a sort of familiar footing with the

extremes and the middle of society in this metropolis. Many trifles are dropped in my hearing in the casual talk of men and women, who are my temporary guests, that give me a clue to dispositions, habits, character, and modes and phases of life and traits of men that might be sought in vain from observation of people in their more studied intercourse with the world. One-half mankind are always wondering how the other half live. From my point of view, I look on as their gaze of wondering curiosity is fixed upon each other, and by a mystery of my own can often unravel the secret web of both, as they thus unconsciously betray it to me. When I was much younger, I had a passion for omnibus-riding. However, the rattling noise of the huge wheels over uneven pavements, and the shortness of the ride, often interrupted my opportunities for observation, and cut short my meditations sometimes in the very crisis of the little dramas my characters were performing. In my rail-car much of this difficulty is obviated. Here I have an endless chain: beside, I see more, and hear more, and muse more: whether my musings be worth the jotting down, with a doubting mind I leave others to determine.

## PART TWO.

HERE we are at Barclay-street, going up. It is a close damp evening in October. It is growing dark. The car is filling: that is to say, the seats are filled, and some of the sitters are holding children or parcels as large in their laps, or between their feet. Now the aisle is full, and short men are hanging upon the leathern straps pendent from the rails at the top of the car, and tall men are knocking their hats over their eyes against the same rails. Women are crowding in, looking around with any but approving eyes upon the men quietly seated and staring at them as they enter and pry their way wedge-like through the living mass. There is yet standing-room for a few more, by encroaching a little upon the toes of those who are seated. By closely packing, after the manner of smoked herring in a box, still a few more may be accommodated. Accommodated! 'God save the mark!'

On we go, stopping at every corner for more passengers. In and in the crowd pours, and the wonder is that one little car can carry all. The poor little mules strain as they go up the ascending grade, sometimes pulling themselves off their feet before they can move the great load of humanity: finally, aided by a lifting hand from myself and the driver, they stagger on. The car is now getting full: I mean by that, the inside is packed to its utmost capacity, and the platforms are full to overflowing; but there is yet a little hanging-room upon the steps, and this must not be lost. Those who sit by the windows are very likely aged, or feeble, or rheumatic, or consumptive: at all events, the windows must be kept shut. Those sitting by the front-door are dapper old clerks in down-town banking or counting-houses, who never 'take exercise,' and to whose frail carcasses a puff of fresh air is as terrible as a blast of keen and nipping nor-west wind in January, and so the door must not be opened. The car is air-tight, except at the back-door. The forward motion of the cars prevents the access of air from this direction,

and the mis-called ventilators at the top are 'inoperative and void' as the Missouri Compromise. I stand compressed upon the hinder platform. A hot gust of foul 'second-handed' air pours out from the back-door full in my face. Faugh! it stifles me. The reek of mouldy dripping umbrellas, the aroma of decomposing India-rubber, the exhalations from the bodies and clothing of sixty human beings in various conditions of cleanliness, the odor of innumerable parcels of mysterious contents, fill the atmosphere, if this clammy steam that is stenographing epitaphs upon the windows can be called atmosphere. This vapor in turn is warmed to more than blood-heat by animal contact in passing through the furnaces of so many pairs of lungs in every state of soundness and unsoundness, and is not made more aromatic or savory by the contact. It is hot and moist and stagnant, and sickens me. But this is my cross, and I must bear it. How the passengers endure it voluntarily, passes my comprehension. Surely New-York must be a healthy place if the inhabitants can endure this.

It may be a fancy of mine, but the undertakers' shops always seem to look more bright and cheerily than is their wont as the cars, thus crammed with living freight, labor on and pass their doors. They seem to be on the look-out for a good time coming. If I do n't miss my guess, they'll have it ere long, if we can keep the road and 'accommodate the public' as we now do. It has been falsely rumored they paid us toll to secure the 'good will' of any little trade in our way. But this is a gross slander, and so far from the truth that I am half-tempted to reveal the truth, that we secretly pay them for holding themselves in readiness in case of any little accident occurring on the road to any passenger being obliged to be set down for want of breath. But I must not betray secrets of my employers.

I open a window occasionally to let loose the pestilential gases, but instantly some lover of fœtid air closes it, with an imprecation against the conductor. I carry my point only in collecting fares of those who have a sense of cleanliness, and prefer to stand upon the front-platform with the driver. It is often a matter of wonder, and always of great impatience to some within, that I am so long occupied in taking these outside fares. I must have the door open to do this, and as the fresh current cools my face and fills my lungs, I am in no hurry to close it. I feign never to perceive the shivering and grimaces and stamping of feet and rubbing of hands of my little shrivelled friend, who always will monopolize the first seat by the door at this end of the car. I know he selects this place so that his gallantry, such as it is, may not be disturbed by seeing the women compelled to stand near the other door while he retains his seat. But a good airing will not harm him. A man whose habits of life have generated in his diseased mind an antipathy to ventilation, has no right to mount guard and keep hermetically sealed the only place the breath of life can enter to those who are famishing for it. If it is necessary to his distempered sense of comfort to inhale the effluvia, it seems to me he has no right to compel his neighbors to endure the nuisance. 'I may be wrong, but that is my opinion.' It makes me maliciously merry to see him wince and kick and stamp as I let a snow-drift come in upon him on a raw day in January. Now I let the



breath of Heaven pour in, and give those who have lungs not yet wholly decomposed, and do n't affect infection, a chance to fill themselves with fresh draughts. I leave the door a-jar, and proceed to collect the inside fares. I am scarcely inside myself, before up pops my little friend, and with an angry anathema and an impatient jerk, slams the door tight.

On we go. I work and worm my way through the conglomerated mass, bundled together like trussed hay. Occasionally the car is brought to a full stop, and the 'standees' are thrown against each other like alley-pins by a 'ten-strike.' They would fall to the floor were it not that like a row of tenement-houses in our upper wards, they support each other. Click! the bell strikes, and on we go again. We are getting up-town. The crowd standing and hanging in the aisle is growing thinner; the riders on the steps drop off; and only a few women are standing inside. The men being the stronger, have fought their way into each seat as it has been vacated, and as the car stops suddenly with a jolt or a bump, the poor women get a momentary rest by being thrown upon the laps of the kind-hearted men, who blandly smile and do not resent the familiarity. Thus we jog on to the end of our journey at Forty-second street. Blessed be the man who invented cars! Did he ever fancy he was inventing an engine for Burking sixty human beings at a time? Thrice blessed be the man who invented the straps and poles and steps to hang passengers upon!

## PART THREE.

WE are going down, a bright crisp morning in December. The car is half-filled with well-dressed, gentleman-like men, and a few ladies looking gay and cheerful. Some old foggy guards the front-door, as usual, and of course not a whiff of fresh air is permitted to enter. This is all very well until every seat is taken, and the cramming of the cars begins. When the aisle is crowded, and the straps and rails are all hung full, it begins to be oppressive. Now a man squeezes in, dressed in black, (a color in woollen clothing remarkable for its tenacity of bad odors,) reeking with the stale miasma of dead and buried tobacco-smoke; some, who are only half-pinioned by the proximity of a neighbor, or do not require both hands to hold up by the straps or other support, are picking their teeth, and the exhalations of sixty half-digested breakfasts are moistening the car-windows with a thick perspiration. Some read a damp newspaper; others hang their heads in patient submission. The atmosphere becomes intolerable, and some passengers being in the full vigor of the morning, can endure it no longer. One makes desperate lunges at the windows; another contrives various subterfuges for getting the front-door open again and again, and a few get out and finish their journey on foot. These latter gain time; for about this point the little mules begin to grow weary with their disproportioned burthen, and move at a snail's pace. These are my trials. The passengers expostulate, but it is 'the custom of the country,' and can't be helped. The railroad company can't afford to lose a passenger. It is said the corporation was created in a very remarkable way. The 'cats and dogs' that made up the capital stock which the present owners' money went to pay for, it is shrewdly suspected had so little intrinsic value

that, when they who organized the company had been paid off, at their own fabulous estimate, for their 'live stock, etc.,' the real capital of the company was but 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' And thus (those who claim to be in the secret say) it happens while a less rate of fare would enrich a company that had a fair start, we starve upon high prices, and enormous contributions from those whose good-nature we abuse so abominably. This is a deplorable state of things, but what genius will help us out of the dilemma? I look forward trustingly into the dim future for that Utopian day when the number of cars shall be doubled, and a conductor shall not incur the risk of his discharge by refusing to take up passengers when the cars are properly filled. At present I see no remedy, unless perchance some enterprising people should drive the company into bankruptcy, and, selling out the road and fixtures, purchase it at its real value: then by putting on thrice the present number of cars at certain hours of the morning or evening; reducing the rate of fare nearly one half, and doubling the salaries of the conductors, they might become the richest company in the world. I talk occasionally of this matter to 'outsiders,' and when contemplating the increase of salary, become quite enthusiastic. But, you see, I am careful to speak only to those who have discretion, so that it shall never get to the ears of my employers. If they should get wind of my revolutionary principles — handy-dandy! what would become of me? Ah! I fear I should be arrested for embezzlement and — discharged.

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WE ARE NOT OLD!

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BY N. L. SPENCER.

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We are not old, though years have rolled  
 Like shadows from our path away,  
 Since first to me thou didst unfold  
 Thy love — oh! happy, happy day!  
 We are not old!

Thy cheeks are fairer than the rose,  
 Thy lips are sweeter than the dew  
 Thy hand is whiter than the snows,  
 And as the heavens thine eyes are blue:  
 We are not old!

Time dealeth gently with us here,  
 No change our hearts have ever known;  
 Our joy increases year by year,  
 For sweet contentment is our own:  
 We are not old!

As in the past may we glide on,  
 All gently down the stream of life;  
 And when we reach our journey's end,  
 May we together rest — my wife:  
 We are not old!

## REMINISCENCES OF KATIE AND I.

BY SARAH I. C. WHITTLESSEY.

KATIE and I were frolicsome chits,  
When KATIE and I were small;  
Living together, two little wee bits  
Of bairns, in Old Time's hall:  
KATIE and I,  
Two frolicsome chits,  
Two little wee bits  
Of bairns, in Old Time's hall.

One had tresses of auburn hue,  
The other had golden curls;  
Eyes of hazel, and eyes of blue,  
Had we two troublesome girls:  
KATIE and I,  
In Old Time's hall,  
When we were small,  
Sunny and sinless girls.

I loved KATIE as never a child  
Worshipped a child before,  
For KATIE was modest and meek as a wild  
June-bud on a lakelet's shore:  
Little sweet KATIE!  
Oh! never was child,  
So lovely and mild,  
Thus worshipped by child before!

But one came softly to Old Time's door,  
One sighing September day,  
Telling us childhood's lease was o'er,  
And bidding us both away:  
KATIE and I,  
From Old Time's door,  
To a broad sea-shore,  
That sighing September day!

And never since then have the skies looked blue,  
To sad little KATIE and me,  
Since coldly and kindly he parted us two,  
There by the sobbing sea:  
KATIE and I,  
We're drifting apart,  
But together in heart,  
We're crossing the sobbing sea.

I wonder if ever the winds will blow  
Our shallops together again,  
While the noons and the midnights come and go,  
Like satyrs along the main —  
KATIE's and mine?  
I wonder if they,  
Through the sparkling spray,  
Will side by side journey again?

It is not because that my soul is dark,  
 And hath not a beautiful ray,  
 That I sit at the bow of my buffeted barque,  
 And watch through the night and the day,  
     For the far-off shore,  
     Where the world's wide fleet,  
     Will by-and-by meet,  
 At vespers of life's short day:

But this is the reason that oftentimes,  
 Through the winds and the sobs of the sea,  
 I list for the vesper's silver chimes,  
 From the bell of Eternity,  
     By angels rung;  
     For KATIE will come,  
     From her wave-rocked home,  
 And worship at eve with me!

Alexandria, (Va.)

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TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE?

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'NEVER SAY DYE,'—BOWERY BOY.

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DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: I have here asked a question which to a superficial reader may appear synonymous with that of the poor melancholy Dane, but I doubt not you will at once perceive the difference. Though to die, and not to be, and *vice versa*, have so long been supposed to mean the same thing, I am confident that Hamlet, amid all the perplexities and trials which beset his path, never took the subject of dyeing into consideration at all. This is a problem to be solved by us moderns, and the theories and practice of the ancients can throw little light upon our duty in regard to it.

I confess at this moment it is an individual question, one asked of myself by myself. It may seem rather impertinent not to keep it to myself; but it is a question of such momentous interest, and one so nearly affecting a large portion of your readers, that I cannot but hope for sympathy while I lay before you my doubts and fears, and frankly tell you how the arguments for and against dyeing strike my mind.

The good old Mr. Spectator in his day was of infinite service to distressed damsels of every age and condition. How frankly the Annabellas, the Honoras, and Lydias of that generation poured their sorrows into his listening ear; how tenderly he sympathized with them; how wisely he instructed them! I have always felt that society would be immensely improved if the journalists of our day had something of his knightly gallantry, and would allow the weak and suffering to appeal to them in this personal manner for instruction upon intricate points of etiquette and propriety, and for redress of grievous wrongs. Whether

any thing is left in editorial hearts of his chivalric courtesy remains to be proved. But I will hope for the best, and speak as to a friend.

I confess I should myself have never thought of dyeing : it is a thing for which I have no natural partiality whatever. But nearly two years ago, a dear young friend of mine, who was standing beside my dressing-table as I made my toilet, exclaimed with great vivacity :

‘Cousin Elsie, why do n’t you dye ? It would be *so* becoming ; you would look as young as any of us ; no body would dream you were over twenty-five. I certainly *would* dye if I were you.’

The idea of being beautified and rejuvenated was a pleasant one, I confess ; but to dye for it did strike me rather curiously. As I turned the thought over in my mind, Fanny continued :

‘It was only last evening mother and Miss Peak were talking about you, and Miss Peak said, ‘She did n’t doubt you would get married right away if you would dye ; for gentlemen, you know,’ she said, ‘think a great deal of appearances ;’ and so they do, do n’t they, Cousin Elsie ?’

‘I am afraid they do, Fanny,’ I replied, with a little sigh, ‘but yet it can only be the weaker sort of men who are influenced by them. I am sure those will not be who are truly wise and good.’

And yet to tell the truth, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, I hardly believed this ; for my many years of experience had gone to prove just the reverse, and that wise and good men as well as foolish ones do think a good deal of appearances — more than they ought to think ; but I would not take it back, for it was best to inculcate sound morality in my little cousin.

As I have said, the subject of dyeing was thus first brought before me two years ago. Since that time similar advice has been given me at least fifty times, to speak moderately. It has been offered by intimate friends and comparative strangers ; by those who have dyed and those who have not ; by those who sincerely desired my welfare, and those who were, to say the least, a little indifferent about it. The reasons given to induce me to do it have varied with the tastes and characters of the advisers ; but I think they may all be comprised under three divisions :

*First* : It would make me look young.

*Second* : It would greatly increase the probabilities of my obtaining a husband.

*Third* : It was the fashion : every body is dyeing now-a-days.

To be sure, good old aunt Dorothy added to these motives : ‘It is so *cheap*, Elsie. Why, there’s the great ‘Hair Restorative’ costs only seventy-five cents a bottle ! Think of that !’

I was at first inclined to smile at my good aunt’s enthusiasm ; but when I remembered it took Nature years and years to turn a tow-head into a chestnut or black one, I agreed with her. It is *cheap*, marvelously cheap : and when I reflected more upon it, I really felt that it was a piece of economy to get a bottle at any rate : and I did. It now stands on the upper shelf of my closet, and I never look at it without feeling anew that it was an excellent investment, in a pecuniary point of view : really the *cheapest* thing I ever bought.

Trifles sometimes bring about a crisis in national affairs, and so it is in little domestic perplexities. Last night our maid-of-all-work brought

this long-standing controversy quite to a point, by casually remarking, as she passed through my room, while I was arranging my hair :

'Why, and indade ma'am, you're as gray as your mither's ain self; but if you would be afther usin' the dye, ma'am, there's nary a lady in the counthry would look half so beautiful and plasin'. It's a weddin' we'd be hevin' thin, and in luck ye'd be intirely;' and so with a great grin on her broad face, she went out.

It was the same old story over again; looking young, and a husband: and I then resolved that I would take up this vexed question, examine it soberly and candidly, and decide once for all.

So I sat down before my glass and took a deliberate survey of myself. I had removed my combs, and my hair, still abundant, fell loosely about my neck and shoulders. It was very gray, there was no denying it; and some long, soft locks were really white. I drew out one of the whitest, and twined it caressingly around my finger. Dear old lock! it had been my companion in many a changing scene, and was still dear to me in spite of the silvery hue it wore. There seemed some magic in its touch; for as it rested there, and I smoothed it tenderly, there gathered all around me fair young faces, beautiful with hope and love. The air was filled with music and ringing peals of laughter; but amid all the mirth and merry uprear of glad voices, a tone softer and sweeter than all others fell upon my ear, and thrilled my heart with delicious pain. I felt a warm breath on my cheek; a stray curl was pressed to lips which uttered fervent, burning words, and — and —

I press the silvery lock to my lips unconsciously, and tears fall thick upon it. There are no glad voices now, no low-breathed tone — the vision has passed away!

Shall I dye or not?

'It will make you look young again, so that no body will dream you are over twenty-five.' *Will it?* Let me reflect, I said, upon that a little. There is Sally Bishop: a year ago her hair was of very much the same shade of mine, a hue or two fairer, it may be; and now it is as black and glossy as any girl's of sixteen. It is really wonderful to see: but does she look young, as if she were twenty-five, or under? Ah! Miss Sally! there are queer little lines running all along under those raven tresses; they form curious parallelograms and triangles under the eyes and round the nose, and creep in mysterious curves to the mouth and chin, tell-tale wrinkles which dyeing does not smooth out at all; there are tell-tale artificial teeth, tell-tale shrivellings of the once ruddy lip, tell-tale dimness in the sparkling eye, tell-tale sharpness in the rounded cheek; in fact, the whole face is one great letter-out of the dread secret which the hair is trying to conceal. It is an unequal combat, and the face comes off victorious. No, Sally Bishop does not look young; and she has dyed: how do I know that *I* should if *I* dyed? My face has wrinkles on it; my eyes are dimmed; my lips shrivelled. Young again! — there was something saddening in the thought. Youth never comes but once with her brimming cup of joy: it has come and gone. I have drunk of her sparkling wine, but shall never drink of it again — never on earth!

But as I sat there, I asked myself, and now I ask you, Mr. KNICKER-

BOCKER, 'Why should I, Elsie Elderly, *wish* to look young again?' I am not young; why not wear an honest, truth-telling face, that shall say frankly, 'Here's a middle-aged woman,' to all who look upon it? I know youth is beautiful; oh! how beautiful, with its own delicious loveliness! But have not life's summer and autumn also charms? We don't insist upon having spring leaves and buds the whole year through, and should consider that a poor arrangement of the seasons which gave us no leafy June, or golden-tinted October. If we could, by some mysterious process, analogous to that of dyeing, transmute the autumnal peaches, plums, and pears into clusters of bright flowers, and let them bloom as freshly as in May among the fading leaves, would it be thought desirable? I should not like to take upon myself the responsibility of saying it would not: I only ask the question modestly. If we do not find it necessary to have spring the year through, why insist that a woman shall have the beauty of youth her whole life long? Is there to be for her no summer-day of perfected loveliness: richer, fuller than the blossoming beauty of spring? — no autumn hour, with its serene light and sacred stillness, wrapping her around with a glory all its own? Tell us, Mr. EDITOR, how this is. If we *must* deck ourselves with spring ringlets, and light fantastic garlands, we will submit to our destiny as cheerfully as possible: we will make ourselves over to milliners, dress-makers, and hair-dressers, to be brightened and dyed and stuffed into as good a likeness of youth as they can manufacture. But one thing is certain, Mr. EDITOR, I shall not dye in order to look young until I hear from you, for these two reasons: First, I am not quite sure it is necessary I *should* look young; and second, if it *is*, I am not certain dyeing will bring about that desirable result.

So, having disposed of this branch of the subject, let us turn to the second reason for dyeing: namely, the probability of getting a husband if I do.

Now, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, I feel that we are coming on very delicate ground, and if I breathe into your ear every thought which entered my heart in that hour of solitude, you must never tell a living soul: no, *never!* I am sure you never will, and so will conceal nothing from you. Now as regards a husband being a blessing, indeed *the* blessing of a life, I never thought of doubting it. It is an axiom which one seldom thinks of contradicting: and yet I said that night, 'Elsie Elderly, tell me truly, do *you* want a husband? Look at yourself as you are, at husbands as they are, and speak out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' Thus adjured, myself began to think: but some how the thoughts changed into a vision. It was a vision of a lovely home, in which were gathered all home delights. In it loving eyes beamed tenderly; low voices breathed delicious words, and uttered names of thrilling sweetness, which can be uttered nowhere else; and around it the angels of peace and purity and joy folded their wings, and guarded it from evil. And amid all the light and beauty of that home, I saw one so noble in intellect, so lofty and pure in purpose, so faithful in affection, so gentle and forbearing in disposition, that I was about to utter, 'Yes.' But when I turned from the ideal to the real, from the husband that *might be* to the husbands that *are*, to A.'s hus-



band, with his coarseness ; to B.'s, with his shallow brains ; to C.'s, with his selfishness, and to others I could specify, I hesitated. All these friends of mine I knew regarded their husbands as the very quintessence of manly excellence, but yet I was not sure my eyes would ever be anointed with the transforming oil which made theirs see, as seeing not. Then I thought of the material yet unappropriated : of P —, the widower, who is running about to get some body to recommend some body to him, and then introduce him, and then he will propose, and then he will marry : very much after the same fashion boys play, ' One to begin, two to show, three to get ready, four to go,' and then make a great leap — *somewhere* ; of Q —, the bachelor, hard-featured and rich, who is so afraid of being carried off by some scheming mamma or money-loving daughter, that he never ventures into society, and feels, whenever a woman bows to him in the street, as if a great pit-fall was opening at his feet, and blesses himself when she has passed by, and he is not entrapped ; of R —, who has consigned three incarnate angels to a better world, and is looking about with 'one dropping and one auspicious eye,' as Shakspeare hath it, for a fourth ; feeling that there is abundance of room in his great heart for her to enter in and take possession ; of — but I fear, Mr. Editor, you will think I am ill-natured, whereas in reality I am one of the sweetest-tempered persons in the world, though I say it who should not ; so I will only add that on the whole my reply to the question was : ' No, I thank you, not at present. A husband is a very good thing, an excellent thing, a thing to be sought after, a thing to be valued ; but I think I will just now put forth no active means to procure it. If Providence should send one, and he should be of an entirely different stamp from those above named, it will be time enough then to think of it ; just now I will not trouble myself.' I continued, still speaking to myself of course, in a confidential way : ' And one thing is very certain, I will never dye to get a husband ; no, indeed !' and my tone grew very fiery and indignant. ' No, indeed ! if in the world there is a person who would not value me for what I really am, for whatever of womanly worth or refinement I may possess, but who would *take me* (to use that intolerably vulgar and demeaning phrase so common now-a-days) if I were but guilty of paltry trickery and deceit, of assuming the semblance of an outward charm, that man of all others is the one I would wish never to approach me ; never, with any kind of intentions whatsoever. Has it come to this ? Is all the purity and truthfulness of a woman's nature reckoned of so little worth that she must needs use disguise to win affection ? A charming basis truly would such a falsehood be for a life-long trust and faith !'

No, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, I cannot submit this question to your decision ; for even your powerful influence will never induce me to dye to get a husband, because I am very sure I do not want one who could *thus* be won. I can only desire you to whisper to all your fair friends, that self-respect and the respect of others, such as can only spring from an upright spirit which scorns petty arts and intrigues, are elements of that true and lasting affection which alone can make them truly happy.

There remained only the third reason to be considered, namely, every body is dyeing now. Yes, we know it. We see hair of every

shade, from the sea-green of Tittlebat Titmouse, to the royal purple which typifies magnificence; we are compelled to look on heads which are white on top — a dingy white —\*and black at the sides, with every intermediate hue between; we sit opposite at table to masses of hair which are crisped, frizzy, and of an indescribable coppery dullness, bearing the label *died* upon them as plainly as it could be affixed. Yes, it is the fashion, and fashion is a despotic sovereign. Does n't she put our bonnets on the back of our heads, or rather the top of our necks, and send us out all unprotected from the blast, when the mercury is ten degrees below zero? Does n't she trail our richest silks and satins through the sloppiest portions of Broadway? Does n't she transform us into inflated balloons, and sail us along the streets to the great discomfort of every passer-by? To be sure she does, for who but she could ever compel us to submit to such annoyances? Parental authority, the force of law, the power of principle? Never! We should snap their cords asunder; but Fashion binds us with stronger bands. And if she says we must dye, must we not?

Again, Mr. Editor, I would appeal to you in behalf of those feeble few who would fain be free from this kind of slavery. I think there are some dear sisters, who, like me, love the old gray locks which lie in peace upon their brows. Those tresses were our pride in our long-past girlhood; we wove sweet flowers among their shining folds, we tended them with loving care in summer's heat and winter's cold; and now that Time has touched them with a silvery hue, we value and cherish them all the more. They have shaded our throbbing temples in many an hour of bitter anguish, (perchance sorrow and pain have helped Old Time to bleach them,) they have been laid with soft touch upon our flushed brow in hours of joy, and we fain would let them descend unmolested with us to the end: the mark of age it is true, but the record, too, we fain would hope, of some victories won, some sorrows healed, some sweet peace obtained.

Must we dye them because it is the fashion? or may we not, dear Mr. Editor, wear them quietly and comfortably to our life's end, secure of the respect of the really sensible, as well as of the approbation of our own consciences? Will not you, in your editorial dignity, deign to stand by us and speak a word of kind encouragement? Then like the dear Mr. Spectator, of Queen Anne's day, you will be held in grateful remembrance by many an old but still friendly heart, and go down to future ages as the corrector of social evils, and the upholder of the truly good and graceful.

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#### A CAPITOL PARADOX.

DURING the late run 'upon THE BANKS,' our friend WILLIAM PITT FAIRMER made the following 'CAPITOL PARADOX' for us in one minute by the watch, with one hand tied behind him:

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Two hundred and twenty Congressional tongues,  
Than STENTOR's each one scarcely weaker,  
All wagging away, at the top of their lungs,  
For two months, yet never a *Speaker*!

## FOURTH ODE OF HORACE.

‘Nunc aeris Hyems.’

Now Winter flies before Spring's warm-breathed gales,  
The waters rouse them from their silent sleep,  
The eager sailor trims his idle sails,  
To seek a dang'rous pathway on the deep.

No longer now the stable's warmth invites  
The lowing herd to leave the sun-cheered fields;  
The fire-sides now have lost their old delights,  
His meadow-earldom now the White-Frost yields.

His lace-like livery is laid aside:  
Submissive to the Vernal Queen's soft power,  
Old Earth assumes the garments of her pride,  
The living glory of the grass and flower.

Now Cytherean VENUS leads the dance,  
The Graces with the Wood-Nymphs hand in hand,  
And all the while the Moon, with kindly glance  
And loving smile looks on the joyous band.

Look! from the black volcano fitful gleams  
Tell that the Cyclops' master lights his fire.  
See! from its flame-crowned top long lurid streams,  
Betray the monster-laborers busy there.

Now twine a fillet of dark myrtle-leaves,  
Or weave a wreath of any wild-wood flower  
That disenchanted Earth its freedom gives,  
A chaplet fit for sacrificial hour.

For PAN demands his long-accustomed rite,  
An offered lamb, perchance a bleating kid;  
And Spring to leaves and buds brings morning-light,  
And so 'tis meet an orison be said.

Death comes! a guest who for no welcome waits,  
Who knows no difference in the ranks of men;  
Alike he enters the proud palace-gates,  
Or threads the path to Misery's loathsome den.

This evanescent life, of scanty span,  
Forbids Ambition's aim and long design;  
No moment yet to come is sure to man,  
And PLUTO's shadowy home may soon be thine.

Alas! not there to choose the banquet's lord,  
Shall rev'lers rattle dice in merry strife;  
Nor dear THERESA be loved, though here adored,  
For charms of Earth shall cease with ending life.

H. V.

## B L A C K S T O N E .

THE 'human mind' is the prey of many vagaries. One of these consists in acquiring, as the result of some mysterious mental powers, the absurdest notions of men and things. The child conceives of Brazil as a 'place' where men go to shovel up three-cornered nuts from the caves of the anacondas, and that they may be swallowed by those amiable serpents without harm, and be released in time to make up their loads before dark; of France, as an immense country, as much as ten miles square, devoted entirely to the cultivation of flowers, where the inhabitants spend their time in bowing and making fine speeches to each other; of Russia, as a large field of perpetual ice and snow, inhabited by ever so many men, and a terrible monster called a Czar, whose principal amusement is cutting off the heads of his subjects, and eating their bodies. The youth never thinks of King Pepin without associating with that diminutive personage a sword considerably the longer of the two; he always sees Columbus in the act of stepping from his boat at Hispaniola, with a banner in one hand and a sword and spy-glass in the other; he fancies Shakspeare to have slept in the collar with strings, and never to have been divested of it for a moment; he cannot conceive of Milton as a boy, and is necessitated to believe he was always a man in a black gown, and never was born at all. There are men in the prime of life who fancy that Sir William Blackstone must have been the intensest of the Old-World 'fogies,' in a state of preternatural dryness, and that he was always to be found in the same place, writing heavy treatises on Law, and making interminable extracts from musty authors, dryer, if possible, than himself; that he was in short a machine, which when he died had only run down, and could have been made to go for ever with an occasional winding. This is the absurdest idea of all. There are men — I do not fear to say it — who have read every page of 'Blackstone's *Commentaries*,' and are now living. They never speak of the feat as a thing extraordinary, and seem even to have formed something of an attachment for their author, and profess to admire his style. These men have never been charged with insanity, and with moderate care will be certain to escape the horrors of the strait-jacket. The incredulous reader — who must not murmur at being classed with the blissful laity — would do well, in default of time or the needed volumes, to follow me through these few extracts from the 'Life of the Author' which is prefixed to the work above alluded to, and afterward to form some idea of his style and spirit, from the portions of the work itself which I shall have had the kindness to transcribe for him.

'Sir William Blackstone was born on the tenth of July, seventeen hundred and twenty-three, in Cheapside, in the parish of St. Michael le Querne, at the house of his father, Mr. Charles Blackstone, a silkman, and citizen and bowyer of London; . . . who died some months previous to the birth of William, the author of these justly esteemed *Commentaries*. . . . Even from his birth, the care both of his education and fortune was kindly undertaken by his maternal

uncle, Mr. Thomas Bigg, an eminent surgeon in London, and afterward, on the death of his elder brothers, owner of the Chilton estate, which is still enjoyed by that family. The affectionate, it may be said the parental, care this worthy man took of all his nephews, particularly in giving them liberal educations, supplied the great loss they had so early sustained, and compensated in a great degree for their want of more ample fortunes. And it was always remembered, and often mentioned by them all, with the sincerest gratitude.'

Two things are learned here : one, certainly, that Blackstone was once a child who did not dream of Law, and whose more than common misfortune was happily turned to his advantage ; the other, measurably, that his biographer was an honest, genial-hearted, and slightly garrulous old man, in love with his subject. He tells us that at the age of seven the predestined Commentator ' was put to school at the Charter-House ;' and five years after ' was, by the nomination of Sir Robert Walpole, on the recommendation of Charles Wither, of Hall, in Hampshire, Esquire, his cousin by the mother's side, admitted upon the foundation there.'

' In this excellent seminary he applied himself to every branch of youthful education, with the same assiduity which accompanied his studies through life. His talents and industry rendered him the favorite of his masters, who encouraged and assisted him with the utmost attention : at the age of fifteen he was at the head of the school, and, although so young, was thought well qualified to be removed to the University ; and he was accordingly entered a commoner at Pembroke College in Oxford, on the thirtieth of November, seventeen hundred and thirty-six, and was the next day matriculated.'

The repeated scholastic honors and triumphs achieved by the youthful Blackstone justified the hopes of his excellent relative, and excited the admiration of the faculty and of his fellows. In the delivering of masterly orations and the composing of prize poems, he especially distinguished himself. His course was eminently rational, at both school and college ; and he succeeded in converting the dryest studies into mere amusements. He was particularly fond of the science of Architecture ; and ' at the early age of twenty, he compiled a treatise entitled, '*Elements of Architecture*,' intended for his own use only, and not for publication, but esteemed by those judges who have perused it, in no respect unworthy his maturer judgment and more exercised pen.' The classics, however, and ' particularly the Greek and Roman poets,' were his chief delight.

But he had now reached that critical point in life at which it becomes necessary for most young men to decide once for all as to their future plan and course. The interesting passage which follows may serve to illustrate the not infrequent conflict of tastes and interests which takes place at this period :

' Having determined on his future plan of life, and made choice of the law for his profession, he was entered in the Middle Temple on the twentieth of November, seventeen hundred and forty-one. He now found it necessary to quit the more amusing pursuits of his youth, for the severer studies to which he had dedicated himself, and betook himself seriously to reading law. How disagreeable a change this must have

been to a young man of brilliant parts and a fine imagination, glowing with all the classical and poetical beauties he had stored his mind with, is easier conceived than expressed: he alone who felt, could describe his sensations on that occasion; which he did in a copy of verses, since published by Dodsley, in the fourth volume of his miscellanies, entitled, '*The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse*;' in which the struggle of his mind is expressed so strongly, so naturally, with such elegance of sense and language, and harmony of versification, as must convince every reader that his passion for the Muses was too deeply rooted to be laid aside without much reluctance, and that, if he had pursued that flowery path, he would not perhaps have proved inferior to the best of our English poets.'

And to show that these elegant tastes were afterward but kept in subjection, and not eradicated, our biographer adds:

'Several little fugitive pieces, beside this, have at times been communicated by him to his friends, and he has left (but not with a view of publication) a small collection of juvenile pieces, both original and translations, which do him no discredit, inscribed with this line from Horace:

'Nec Iusisse pudet, nec nom incidire ludum.'

Some notes on Shakspeare, which, just before his death, he communicated to Mr. Stevens, and which that gentleman inserted in his last edition of that author, show how well he understood the meaning, as well as the beauties of his favorite among the English poets.'

Enough perhaps has been quoted to illustrate this branch of the subject; and indeed the proper limits of an essay like this are not sufficient to contain more. It will have been seen 'what manner of man he was,' and that was the extent of my design. It may not be thought amiss, however, to hint at the extent of his labors.

Beside the 'Commentaries,' upon which his fame on this side of the water is principally founded, he was the author of various other works, mostly on kindred subjects; among them 'Lectures on the Laws of England,' from whence was taken much of the substance of his later work. These lectures were commenced five years before, and in their delivery 'justly signalized his name and rewarded his labors.' He was presented with various offices of trust and emolument, and was offered many which he did not accept. Having been appointed one of the 'Delegates of the Clarendon Press' he found on entering upon the duties of the office, 'many abuses which required correction; much mismanagement which demanded new and important regulations. In order to obtain a thorough insight into the nature of both, he made himself master of the mechanical part of printing; and to promote and complete a reform, he printed a letter on the subject, addressed to Dr. Randolph, at that time Vice-Chancellor.' His efforts in these respects were completely successful, and brought him much honor.

The most considerable of the offices which at one time or another he had the honor to hold, was that of 'Vinerian Professor' of common law in the University of Oxford, to which he was unanimously elected on the twentieth of October, seventeen hundred and fifty-seven. 'In this



situation he was (he informs us in his introduction to the Commentaries) led, both by duty and inclination, to investigate the elements of law, and the grounds of our civil polity, with greater assiduity and attention than many have thought it necessary to do ; and on the twenty-fifth of the same month, read his first introductory lecture, one of the most elegant and admired compositions which any age or country ever produced. This he published at the request of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses, and afterward prefixed to the first volume of his Commentaries.

‘Many imperfect and incorrect copies of his lectures having by this time (seventeen hundred and sixty-three) got abroad, and a printed edition of them being either published or preparing for publication in Ireland, he found it necessary to print a correct edition himself ; and accordingly, in November, seventeen hundred and sixty-five, the first volume appeared under the title of *‘Commentaries on the Laws of England,’* and in the course of the four succeeding years the other three volumes ; which completed a work that will transmit his name to posterity among the first class of English authors, and will be universally read and admired as long as the laws, the constitution, and the language of this country remain.’

At the ripe age of thirty-eight Mr. Justice Blackstone married, and with his wife ‘passed near nineteen years in the enjoyment of the purest domestic and conjugal felicity, (for which no man was better calculated,) and which, he used often to declare, was the happiest part of his life.’ He had nine children. He expired on the fourteenth of February, seventeen hundred and eighty, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. ‘To the public his loss was great ; to his family and friends irreparable.’

The following is the concluding paragraph of the admirable sketch from which I have drawn so largely :

‘Mr. Malone, in an advertisement to a supplement to his edition of Shakspeare, says : ‘Sir W. Blackstone is one of the most eminent literary characters that the present age has produced ;’ and in the preface to a *‘Fragment on Government,’* we find the following : ‘He it is, in short, who first of all institutional writers, has taught jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman ; put a polish upon that ragged science ; cleansed her from the dust and cobwebs of the office ; and if he has not enriched her with that precision that is drawn only from the sterling treasury of the sciences, has decked her out, however, to advantage from the toilet of classical erudition, enlivened her with metaphors and allusions, and sent her abroad in some measure to instruct, and in still greater, to entertain the most miscellaneous, and even the most fastidious societies.’

In this somewhat unwieldy figure, Mr. Malone has expressed a truth which no one competent to form an opinion in the premises will venture to call in question. And it is possible, if any could be found at this late day, perfectly conscious of the chaotic state of the science of law when Blackstone wrote, and the consequent immensity of his labors, they would award him praise more enthusiastic still, and employ figures of poetry as extravagant as any with which we are acquainted.

Conscious of the meagre justice thus far done the memory of the illus-



trious subject of this essay, I have but to preserve its unity and complexion in the presenting of a few brief and unsatisfactory 'specimens' of his style. I cannot think, however, of mangling in this way the admirable 'Introductory Lecture' before alluded to, nor the elegant essay upon the origin of the idea of Property, which worthily commences the Second Book. Let the reader borrow the work from some legal friend, and peruse them in their entirety, fearing nothing. Meanwhile, these few morsels may not prove altogether nauseous.

In chapter third of the First Book, (upon 'The King and his Title,') it is the endeavor of the author 'to trace out the constitutional doctrine of the royal succession, with that freedom and regard to truth, yet mixed with that reverence and respect which the principles of liberty and the dignity of the subject require.' Few will object to the length of the following passage, and other few, in the present deplorable state of the public affairs in this country, may see in it a shadowing forth of evils we had thought peculiar to ourselves, our form of government, and also the remedy, the proposal of which may one day startle the conservative :

'It must be owned, an elective monarchy seems to be most obvious, and best suited of any to the rational principles of government and the freedom of human nature ; and accordingly we find from history that in the infancy and first rudiments of almost every state, the leader, chief magistrate, or prince hath usually been elective. And, if the individuals who compose that state could always continue true to first principles, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corruption, and unawed by violence, elective succession were as much to be desired in a kingdom, as in other inferior communities. The best, the wisest, and the bravest man, would then be sure of receiving that crown which his endowments have merited ; and the sense of an unbiassed majority would be dutifully acquiesced in by the few who were of different opinions. But history and observation will inform us, that elections of every kind (in the present state of human nature) are too frequently brought about by influence, partiality, and artifice ; and, even where the case is otherwise, those practices will be often suspected, and as constantly charged upon the successful, by a splenetic, disappointed minority. This is an evil to which all societies are liable ; as well those of a private and domestic kind, as the great community of the public, which regulates and includes the rest. But in the former there is this advantage ; that such suspicions, if false, proceed no further than jealousies and murmurs, which time will effectually suppress ; and, if true, the injustice may be remedied by legal means, by an appeal to the tribunals, to which every member of society has (by becoming such) virtually engaged to submit. Whereas in the great and independent society which every nation composes, there is no superior to resort to but the law of nature : no method to redress the infringements of that law, but the actual exertion of private force. As therefore between two nations, complaining of mutual injuries, the quarrel can only be decided by the law of arms, so in one and the same nation, when the fundamental principles of their common union are supposed to be invaded, and more especially when the appointment of their chief magis-

trate is alleged to be unduly made, the only tribunal to which the complainant can appeal is that of the God of battles, the only process by which the appeal can be carried on is that of a civil and intestine war. An hereditary succession is therefore now established in this and most other countries, in order to prevent that periodical bloodshed and misery which the history of ancient imperial Rome, and the more modern experience of Poland and Germany may show us are the consequences of elective kingdoms.' (B. I., 192, 3.)

Counting the doctrine of the 'divine right of kings' to be 'wild and absurd,' he indulges in several epigrammatic sentences upon that head :

'And it is no wonder that a prince [James I.] of more learning than wisdom, who could deduce an hereditary title for more than eight hundred years, should easily be taught by the flatterers of the times, to believe there was something divine in this right, and that the finger of PROVIDENCE was visible in its preservation.' And after alluding to a statute of Parliament in the reign of that monarch :

'Not a word here of any right immediately derived from HEAVEN ; which, if it existed anywhere, must be sought for among the *aborigines* of the island, the ancient Britons, among whose princes, indeed, some have gone to search it for him.' (B. I., 208, 9.)

In the chapter treating of the 'King's Prerogative,' after a train of ingenious and eloquent reasoning to the effect that 'the king can do no wrong,' but that oppressions spring from some *branch* of the sovereign power, he treats of the appropriate remedies for unusual wrongs :

'Indeed, it is found by experience, that whenever the unconstitutional oppressions, even of the sovereign power, advance with gigantic strides, and threaten desolation to a state, mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity ; nor will sacrifice their liberty by a scrupulous adherence to those political maxims, which were originally established to preserve it.'

And checking his speculations with a reverential observance of the proprieties of the *subject*, he concludes :

'But it is not for us to say that any one, or two, of these ingredients, would amount to such a situation, [virtual abdication ;] for there our precedent would fail us. In these, therefore, or other circumstances, which a fertile imagination may furnish, since both law and history are silent, it becomes us to be silent too ; leaving to future generations, whenever necessity and the safety of the whole shall require it, the exertion of those inherent though latent powers of society, which no climate, no time, no constitution, no contract, can ever destroy or diminish.' (B. I., 245.)

And in the passage treating of the king's prerogative of making war and peace, we find a sentence or two which may be commended to our modern 'fillibusters.'

'Whatever hostilities therefore may be committed by private citizens, the state ought not to be affected thereby ; unless that should justify their proceedings, and thereby become partner in the guilt. Such unauthorized volunteers in violence are not ranked among open enemies, but are treated like pirates and robbers ; according to that rule of the

civil law, *hostes bi sunt qui nobis, aut quibu snos, publice bellum decrevimus : ceteri latrones aut prædones sunt.*' (B. I., 257.)

The extracts which follow are written in a less didactic and pleasanter vein than the preceding ones. In some, indeed, we may fancy the grave lecturer smiling behind his hand, or with his finger alongside his nose winking blandly upon the young 'limbs' assembled around him. In speaking of the king's ecclesiastical revenues, he thus alludes to the occasional unwarrantable uses of them in former times :

'Our ancient kings, and particularly William Rufus, were not only remarkable for keeping the bishoprics a long time vacant, for the sake of enjoying the temporalities, but also committed horrible waste on the woods and other parts of the estate ; and to crown all, would never, when the see was filled up, restore to the bishop his temporalities again, unless he purchased them at an exorbitant price.' (B. I., 282, 3.)

In the part relating to the king's revenue from wrecks, the following distinction is observed :

'It is to be observed, that in order to constitute a legal *wreck*, the goods must come to land. If they continue at sea, the law distinguishes them by the barbarous and uncouth appellations of *jetsam*, *flotsam*, and *ligan*. . . . These three are therefore accounted so far a distinct thing from the former, that by the king's grant to a man of wrecks, things jetsam, flotsam, and ligam will not pass.' (B. I., 292.)

Here is a whimsical definition of waifs.

'Waifs, *bona waviata*, are goods stolen, and waved or thrown away by the thief in his flight, for fear of being apprehended. These are given to the king by the law, as a punishment upon the owner, for not himself pursuing the felon, and taking away his goods from him. . . . Waved goods do also not belong to the king, till seized by some body for his use ; for if the party robbed can seize them first, though at the distance of twenty years, the king shall never have them.' (B. I., 296, 7.)

Dickens, in his 'Last Cabman,' and other writings, has shown us the 'vip' of the present day : but when we learn from Blackstone, that his distinguishing qualities are hereditary, and 'bred in the bone,' our admiration of his eccentricities is lost in sorrow at this new proof of the unalterableness of human nature :

'This revenue [from hackney-coach and chair licenses] is governed by commissioners of its own, and is, in truth, a benefit to the subject ; as the expense of it is felt by no individual, and its necessary regulations have established a competent jurisdiction, whereby a very refractory race of men may be kept in some tolerable order.' (B. I., 326.)

But the *under-sheriffs* and *bailiffs* far exceeded their humbler contemporaries in the nicer shades of moral turpitude.

'These salutary regulations are shamefully evaded, by practising in the names of other attorneys, and putting in sham deputies by way of nominal under-sheriffs : by reason of which, says Dalton, the under-sheriffs and bailiffs do grow so cunning in their several places, that they are able to deceive, and it may well be feared that many of them do deceive both the king, the high-sheriff, and the country.' (B. I., 345.)

Here is a bit of etymology not to be found in the 'Study of Words' by Mr. Trench, or any similar book :

‘But, as these [bailiffs of hundreds] are generally plain men, and not thoroughly skilful in this latter part of their office, that of serving writs, and making arrests and executions, it is now usual to join special bailiffs with them; who are generally mean persons, employed by the sheriffs on account only of their adroitness and dexterity in hunting and seizing their prey. The sheriff being answerable for the misdemeanors of these bailiffs, they are therefore usually bound in an obligation with sureties, for the due execution of their office, and thence are called bound-bailiffs; which the common people have corrupted into a much more homely appellation.’ (B. I., 345, 6.)

In those days the duties of the coroner were multifarious and responsible. One branch of his office was ‘to inquire concerning shipwrecks.’ Another is thus quaintly described:

‘Concerning treasure-trove, he is also to inquire who were the finders, and where it is, and whether any one be suspected of having found and concealed a treasure; ‘and that may be well perceived (saith the old statute of Edward I.) where one liveth riotously, haunting taverns, and hath done so of long time;’ whereupon he might be attached, and held to bail, upon this suspicion only.’

In observance of the requirements of the feudal constitution, which was introduced in England upon the Norman conquest, ‘the lands in the kingdom were divided into what were called knights’ fees, in number above sixty thousand; and for every knight’s fee a knight or soldier, *miles*, was bound to attend the king in his wars, for forty days in a year; in which space of time, (says Blackstone, with a tinge of sarcasm,) before war was reduced to a science, the campaign was generally finished, and a kingdom either conquered or victorious.’ As an edifying comment upon the text, that rare wit, Chitty, says, in a note: ‘We frequently read of half a knight, or other aliquot part; as, for so much land three knights and a half, etc., were to be returned; the fraction of a knight was performed by a whole knight who served half the time, or other due proportion of it.’ Overcome by the exquisite humor of this remark, we may imagine the worthy annotator on the confines of apoplexy, with a martyr-like resignation depicted in his purple visage. That sly wag allows his spirits to carry him away in one other place. It is in his extended note after the first section of the Introduction. In some advice to students he says:

‘It is a prevailing notion, that an *attendance upon the courts* during the sittings in term and at *nisi prius*, is indispensable to the complete education of the law-student; but this may be very safely postponed till he is well acquainted with the general principles and practice of the law, especially as, unless he is singularly fortunate, he will have sufficient time for this mode of improvement after he is called to the bar.’ After this unfeeling joke, who could wish to read further of Chitty? Let us return to the genial pleasantries of our author. In enumerating the immunities of corporate bodies he reveals to us the origin of the apothegm that ‘Corporations have no souls:’

‘Neither can a corporation be excommunicated; for it has no soul, as is gravely observed by Sir Edward Coke!’ (B. I., 477.) Some hard winking there! And it is not too much to fancy a subdued chuckle,

upon the enunciation of the third requisite to make a 'tenancy by the curtesy of England :'

'3. The issue must be born alive. Some have had a notion that it must be heard to cry ; but that is a mistake. Crying indeed is the *strongest* evidence of its being born alive ; but it is not the *only* evidence,' (B. II., 127.)

After having said that 'a seizin in law of the husband will be as effectual as a seizin in deed, in order to render the wife dowable,' and that if the land abides in the husband 'for the interval of but for a *single moment*, it seems that the wife shall be endowed thereof,' he illustrates the law by this curious anecdote :

'This doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both hanged in one cart, but the son was supposed to have survived the father, by appearing to struggle longest ; whereby he became seized of an estate in fee by survivorship, in consequence of which seizin his widow had a verdict for her dower.' (B. II., 132.) Here, leaving his youthful auditors plunged in a sea of emotions, painful, ludicrous, or whimsical, we may suppose the learned doctor to have paused and taken a glass of water.

Here, too, *I* will pause, and leave my blessing with the patient reader ; who, if this essay shall have determined him to purchase the work in whose praise it was written, will never cease to thank me.

JACQUES MAURICE.

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Scraplings.

I SAT me down in thought profound ;  
This maxim wise I drew :  
It's easier far to like a girl,  
Than make a girl like you !  
But after all, I do n't believe  
My heart will break with wo ;  
If she's inclined to love 'that chap,'  
Why, bless her, let her go !

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STANZAS TO ———.

I.

I AM thine in my gladness :  
I am thine in my tears :  
My love, it can change not  
With absence or years.

II.

Were a dungeon thy dwelling,  
My home it should be ;  
For its gloom would be sunshine,  
If I were with thee.

III.

But life has no beauty,  
Of thee, love, bereft :  
I'm thine, and thine only :  
Thine — '*over the left !*'

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE WITH HIS BROTHER JOSEPH, SOMETIME KING OF SPAIN. In two volumes: pp. 760. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA: or, Interesting Anecdotes and Remarkable Conversations of the EMPEROR, during the Five-and-half Years of his Captivity. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With Illustrations. In one volume: pp. 662. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE first of the above-named works contains a translation of all the Letters and Orders of NAPOLEON published in the Memoirs of King JOSEPH. Added to these are a few letters of NAPOLEON's, taken from other sources, and a few not written by NAPOLEON himself, but which are of value from their intrinsic interest, or as explanatory of portions of his autographic correspondence. It is wonderful to see, with every new revelation of NAPOLEON's character, how his genius rises to the loftiest standard. We venture to say, that to the careful student of history, in the NAPOLEONIC era, these volumes will elevate their subject higher in popular estimation than all the mere eulogies, which from first to last have been written of him. His forecast, his prescience of coming events, his genius in conceiving, and his boldness and rapidity in carrying out his great plans, in which nations were his play-things, have nowhere been more forcibly represented, than in the letters and orders embodied in these two volumes. We make two extracts only, but the reader will not fail to observe how perfectly characteristic they are of the 'Great CAPTAIN.' The first finds him in the Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn, master of Vienna, and preparing for the battle of Wagram. The letter is dated from the Palace, October the tenth, 1809, and is addressed to 'M. le Général CLARKE,' probably an uncle of ours. ('O my prophetic soul! — *my uncle!*' — HAMLET:)

'M. LE GENERAL CLARKE: I wish you to write to the KING of SPAIN to impress upon him that nothing can be more contrary to the rules of war than to publish the strength of his army, either in orders of the day, in proclamations, or in the newspapers; that when he has occasion to speak of his strength, he ought to render it formidable by exaggeration, doubling or trebling his numbers; and that, on the other hand, when he mentions the strength of the enemy, he should diminish it by one-half or one-third; that in war moral force is every thing; that the KING deviated from this principle when he said that he had only 40,000 men and the insurgents 120,000; that to represent the



French as few and the enemy as numerous, discourages us, and gives confidence to them; that it is publishing his weakness throughout Spain. In short, to give moral force to the enemy is to take it from one's self; for men naturally believe that in the long run the small number will be beaten by the greater. The most experienced general finds it difficult on the field of battle to estimate the enemy's numbers, and the instinct of every one is to imagine them greater than they really are. But when a man is so imprudent as to allow such ideas to circulate generally, and to authorize exaggerated accounts of the enemy's strength, every colonel of cavalry who goes on a reconnaissance sees an army, and every captain of voltigeurs discovers battalions. I see, therefore, with regret, the bad influence which has been exercised over the spirit of my army of Spain by repeating that it opposes a force of 40,000 men against 120,000. The result of these announcements has been to lessen our reputation in Europe, by making people believe that it rests on no foundation, and to give moral force to the enemy and weaken our own; for, I say again, in war feeling and opinion are more than half of the reality. The art of great captains has always been to make their numbers appear very large to the enemy, and to persuade their own troops of the enemy's great inferiority. This is the first time that a general has been known to depreciate his own resources and to exalt those of the enemy. The private soldier does not judge; but officers of sense, whose opinion is worth having, and who have knowledge and experience, pay little attention to orders of the day or to proclamations. I trust that no more such blunders will be made, and that on no pretext whatever orders of the day or proclamations will be made tending to make known the real strength of my armies. I desire that all means, direct and indirect, be taken to spread the highest opinion of our numbers. The French troops which I have in Spain are twice as good, three times as good, as regards steadiness, bravery, and even numbers, as those that I have in any other part of the world. When I conquered the Austrians at Eckmühl I was one to five, and yet my army fancied itself at least equal to the enemy; and even now, although we have been so long in Germany, the enemy has no idea of our strength, and we try to make it out greater and greater every day. Far from owning that at Wagram I had only 100,000 men, I try to prove that I had 220,000. Constantly, in my Italian campaigns, when I had only a handful of men, I exaggerated their numbers; this served my purpose without diminishing my glory. The skill of my operations, including that of exaggerating my strength, was afterwards recognized by generals and intelligent officers. With paltry motives, petty vanities, and small passions, nothing great has ever been done. I hope, therefore, that faults so great and so mischievous will not be repeated in my army of Spain.'

The subjoined letter to his brother JOSEPH, (written after having gained seven victories in nine days, made nine marches in the depths of winter, most of them over cross-roads, and drove away or frightened two armies, each much larger than his own,) is dated at 'Montmirail, February 14th, 1814:'

'MY BROTHER: It is nine o'clock in the evening. I write a line to acquaint you with the happy result of the battle of Vauchamps.

'BLUCHER's head-quarters were at Vertus, (a village about half-way on the road between Châlons and Montmirail.) He had been joined by KLEIST from Germany with twenty-four battalions, and by a new Russian corps of twelve battalions, in all 20,000 men, but was separated from the rest of his army. On the thirteenth he moved on Etoges and Champ-Aubert. The DUKE of RAGUSA retired without fighting. I left Château Thierry at three this morning, and reached Montmirail as the enemy was just at its gates. He took up his position at the village of Vauchamps. I beat him, took 8000 prisoners, 10 colors, and three guns, and drove him back, fighting up to the gates of Etoges. His loss in killed and wounded must have been more than 4000 men. My killed and wounded were not 300.

'The means by which I obtained these great results were that he had little cavalry, while I had from 6000 to 8000, and very good, with which I kept outflanking and surrounding him; and that he could use few of his guns, for fear of losing them, while I crushed him all day with grape-shot from 100 pieces of cannon. My three household squadrons covered themselves with glory. I had them always in hand, made them charge repeatedly, and they took 1000 prisoners. I think that I mentioned to you yesterday that the Duke of Treviso is closely pursuing the shattered remains of SACKEN and YORK by the cross-road to Reims.'

How much the following savors of RICHARD the Third, in its compressed announcements and brief directions! It bears date the next day after the foregoing, and from the same place. RICHARD says, it will be remembered:



— 'GOOD NORFOLK, hie thee to thy charge:  
 Use careful watch — choose trusty sentinels:  
 Stir with the lark to-morrow!  
 . . . . . Send out a pursuivant at arms  
 To STANLEY's regiment: bid him bring his power  
 Before sun-rising. . . . .  
 Come, bustle! bustle! — caparison my horse:  
 Call up LORD STANLEY — bid him bring his power:  
 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
 And thus my battle shall be ordered:  
 My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,  
 Consisting equally of horse and foot:  
 Our archers shall be placéd in the midst:  
 JOHN, Duke of NORFOLK, THOMAS, Earl of SURREY,  
 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse:  
 They, thus directed, we ourself will follow,  
 In the main battle, whose puissance on either side  
 Shall be well wingéd with our chiefest horse:' etc.

'I SHALL start as soon as the day breaks, and I shall reach La Ferté-sous-Jouarre early with my guard; thence I shall proceed in person towards Meaux. I cannot understand why the Duke of REGGIO did not defend the bridge of Bray.

'Yesterday, the fourteenth, the Dukes of BELLUNO, REGGIO, and TARANTO were to join between Nangis and Guignes. I have no doubt that I shall soon learn what has taken place. In the article which you will insert in the 'Moniteur' on the battle of Vau-champs, you must mention as prisoners Prince WORONZOW, Russian general of division, and a Russian brigadier-general. Their corps acted as rear-guard during the night, was charged and routed; 1200 prisoners and four pieces of cannon were taken.

'It seems that the enemy's operations are confined to the right bank of the Seine. The cavalry from Spain might therefore have assembled at Fontainebleau; as the bridges of Melun and Montereau are cut off, it can join us only by the bridge of Corbeil. It appears that there still are 1000 men of the national guard of Montereau without arms, and that they are all in want of camp-utensils. Order them to be properly provided. Send General RADET's gendarmes (which ought to reach Paris to-day) to meet the 7000 or 8000 prisoners who are about to start from hence. The peasants have picked up here on the battle-fields more than 40,000 muskets, which the rapid movements of our troops prevented us from collecting. Perhaps the national guard of Paris might obtain many of them by sending agents among the country people. As the enemy is manœuvring on the right bank of the Seine, and has partisans on the left bank, it is important to reinforce the cordon which protects Paris on that side.'

The same day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he writes:

'I AM surprised that you have not received the courier whom the chief of the staff sent to you from the field of battle at one in the afternoon. I shall be at Meaux early this evening with my guard. I do not know whether the whole of my foot-guard will be able to get so far, but I hope that it will march beyond La Ferté this evening. It will be difficult therefore for the foot-guard to reach Guignes before to-morrow afternoon. The wisest plan will be to retire behind the Yères, and to avoid engaging the enemy. If this position is such as to make it impossible for the enemy to attack the army to-morrow, it should remain there. If, on the contrary, an attack should be feared, the army, leaving a light corps to protect the road from Brie, might fall back upon Fontenay, on the road to Meaux, and meet me. The great park, after passing Brie-Comte-Robert, should move to the road between Fontenay and Paris. However, I shall probably before night receive news of the army, and I shall then give positive orders; I shall be at Meaux this evening in person. At any rate I will not lose a moment in informing you of my intentions. I presume that the barricades toward the Jardin des Plantes are finished, and that you have placed there troops and guns. A commandant must also be appointed for Bicêtre, and a battalion and some guns placed there: this advanced post sweeps the whole road. If the enemy, notwithstanding the checks which he has experienced, should persist in his advance, which would probably occasion his total ruin, all our forces, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, should be brought together by the bridge of Corbeil or by that of Choisy. These bridges must be held, not destroyed; they are necessary to me in order to manœuvre on both banks; for as soon as the enemy begins to retreat in good earnest I shall cross over to the other bank to pursue and to surround him. For this purpose I must use the bridges of Corbeil and Choisy, as those of Melun and Montereau are destroyed. The Yères has overflowed and is not fordable; it will protect the army for at least three days. On the seventeenth I shall be ready to attack.'

One other passage, and we must leave the work for the reader's deliberate perusal: well assured, that it will confirm and strengthen all his ideas of the magnitude of NAPOLEON'S plans, and the '*ubiquitous* greatness of his all-conquering genius.' We quote from a letter dated 'Nogent, February 21, 1814:'

'MY BROTHER: You need not be uneasy about Orleans or Montargis. The movement which I am about to make will draw off the enemy immediately; his different corps will be glad to be able to fall back as soon as they can. I think that it would produce a good effect if the EMPRESS were to write to the town of Orleans in nearly these terms: 'I hear that the town of Orleans is threatened by 1500 of the enemy's skirmishers. What! the town of Orleans, which contains 40,000 inhabitants, is afraid of 1500 horsemen! Where then is the energy of France? Organize your national guard; form a company of gunners; take from your own stables the horses which are required. I have ordered the Minister of War to furnish you with twelve pieces of cannon and five howitzers, to enable you to defend your town and your property. The enemy who ravages our country and plunders our towns is as implacable as he is faithless. To arms then, inhabitants of Orleans! and let your conduct confirm the opinion which I have of you, and of the energy of the French nation!'

'Such letters, signed by the EMPRESS, will be more effective than if they were signed by me. Let this letter be sent with one from the Minister of the Interior. The municipal authorities should meet to receive it, and then organize the national guard, form a company of gunners, prepare teams, and place the town in a state of defence. A deputation to the EMPRESS should give an account of the measures which they have taken.

'The Duke of TREVISO has cut the bridge at Soissons. The Minister of the Interior must write to Soissons to desire the national guard to be organized and the town placed in a state of defence. I think that the EMPRESS should write to Lille, Valenciennes, Cambrai, and to the other large towns on the northern frontier, in nearly the same terms as to the town of Orleans, varying the expressions according to circumstances, and the proofs which these towns gave of their zeal during former wars. These letters ought to be in the EMPRESS'S own handwriting. I think also that a proclamation made by the EMPRESS, as Regent, to Belgium, would be of use. This proclamation might be drawn up in the form of a letter addressed to the Mayor of Brussels, the Mayors of Ghent, of Bruges, Mons, etc. The EMPRESS should acquaint them with my victories, and tell them that the English wish to separate them from France, and place them under the yoke of a prince who has always been hostile to their country and to their religion: and assure them that the enemy will soon find that no peace will be signed unless the natural limits of France are admitted. These letters to the mayors may be varied in their expressions so as to make as many different proclamations. Write to Montargis and Nemours to form the national guard. Let the Minister of War send pikes everywhere. Order the national guard of Beauvais to be organized, and above all take care to let all this make a great noise in the newspapers.

'The enemies have committed all sorts of horrors in every direction. The Minister of War must send good reporters to the towns which they have occupied, to draw up narratives of the atrocities which have been committed. These reports are to be inserted in the '*Moniteur*.' I wish also the towns of Nogent, Provins, Nangis, Bray, Montereau, Sens, Epervay, Château-Thierry, Reims, Soissons, etc., to acquaint the municipality of Paris with all that they have suffered, and these letters to be placarded in every direction; for, in short, one must not deceive one's self as to the fact (and you ought to say so) that the Russians intended to sack and burn Paris. It is therefore the duty of the government to convince the inhabitants of this. I even think that it would be well if deputations from these towns came to read their addresses to the conseil-général of Paris. It can only do good if the Parisians hear on all sides: 'It is you who were attacked; it is you whom they intended to pillage.'

The second of the works named at the head of this notice has been prepared with the author's accustomed and widely-conceded ability. It is mainly collected from the well-known memorials of LAS CASAS, O'MEARA, MONTMORLON, ANTONMARCHI, and others. NAPOLEON'S conversations at St. Helena, scattered through the numerous and voluminous memorials that have been preserved of him, are replete with the highest interest. 'During the long agony of his imprisonment and his death,' writes Mr. ABBOTT, 'he conversed with perfect freedom upon the events of his marvellous career, and upon all those subjects of morals, politics, and religion, which most deeply concern the wel-

fare of our race.' The author takes his reader to St. Helena, introduces him to the humble apartment of the great but fallen EMPEROR ; gives him a seat in the arm-chair by the side of the illustrious sufferer, reclining upon the sofa, or leads him to accompany the EMPEROR in his walk among the blackened rocks, and thus to listen to the glowing utterances of the imperial sage. The volume is admirably printed, and well and profusely illustrated.

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THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND. BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Volumes Third and Fourth: pp. 1275. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IN looking one day, in company with the late lamented HENRY INMAN, after that distinguished artist's return from England, at the noble picture which he had painted of the renowned historian whose great work is here continued, we remember that he said : ' I never saw such a treasure-house, such an intellectual granary, as that head. If there should come a famine of mind upon Great-Britain, he could supply the whole realm from his vast depository.' The careful reader of the volumes before us will regard this language as less exaggerated than its figurative form might cause it, at first sight, to appear. Wonderfully as the immense collection of facts, from all sorts of sources, is condensed, there still remains evidence of a minuteness of research that has not been equalled by any kindred production within the last hundred years. It is a work of utter supererogation to speak at this day of MACAULAY'S style, so renowned has it become ; so copious, full, ornate, picturesque. But some how or other, we confess to a weariness of its very richness, after having devoured it for fifty or a hundred pages at a time. We don't affect travelling *all* the while over grand mountain scenery. 'Pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between' make us *more* to enjoy the sublime and the grand in nature, by the very contrast. But it may after all be questioned whether the great English historian *could* vary his style were he to endeavor to do so. It has become '*his own*,' literally, and we presume can no more be changed than it can be imitated. He is too uniform in his methods, remarks a judicious reviewer, not to incur the charge of monotony. 'His perpetual brilliancy and point sometimes produce a dazzling effect. We tire of so intense a light. The alternation of a milder glory, would be grateful relief. We are liable to satiety from the repetition of his peculiarities. His manner becomes a mannerism. The perpetual recurrence of the same *form* of expression seem an infringement upon our freedom. We are almost willing to dethrone the idol for the sake of variety, and perhaps should have been better satisfied with a less degree of excellence, if clothed in an easier and more natural garb.' As this 'History' is already in the hands of tens of thousands of readers in all sections of the country, an elaborate review of its pages would not only be adscititious, but would require an apology, at this late day after its publication. In the previous volumes, the history of England is brought down to the completion of the Revolution of 1688. The present narrative commences with the accession of WILLIAM and MARY to the crown, and extends to the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, a

period of about nine years. 'Destitute of men of commanding genius, sunk in the depths of moral and political corruption, crowded with the intrigues of selfish and unprincipled adventurers, subjected to direful sufferings from famine, pestilence, and civil war, this interval presents as dreary a spectacle as can be found in the annals of the British Islands.' Since writing the foregoing, we perceive that Mr. MACAULAY has resigned his seat in the British parliament. That august body could better have spared any other one of all its members.

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NOTES ON CENTRAL AMERICA. By E. G. SQUIER, formerly Chargé d'Affairs of the United States to the Republic of Central America. In one volume: pp. 893. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE 'Notes' appear at a time when they will be likely to command much attention, not only here at home, where the subject of the volume has been for some time exciting a constantly-increasing interest, but in Great-Britain also, where its theme, in various ramifications, is much discussed, both in reviews and influential public journals. The 'Notes' relate more especially to the States of Honduras and San Salvador; their geography, topography, climate, population, resources, productions, etc., etc. The work would seem to have had its origin in inquiries in relation to the feasibility of a rail-way route across the continent, instead of the tedious and circuitous route by way of the Isthmus of Panama. An expedition was ordered, reconnaissances completed, and Mr. SQUIER's inferences speedily and fully verified. Upon the observations made, and the facts collected in the progress of this reconnaissance, and in conducting the negotiations resulting from it, the memoir before us is principally founded. Our author was compelled to depend almost entirely upon his own observations. There were no authorities, or accredited sources of information upon which he was to proceed, or which might serve as a nucleus for an aggregation of facts. Upon all subjects connected with the history, the natural features and resources, climate, population, productions, and trade of the country, there existed a profound and almost universal ignorance. Of printed books and public documents he had none to assist him; and he tells us that it was 'equally vain to seek for data among the State and local archives, where, to an original total lack of order, gross neglect and wanton destruction had been superadded, to confound and defeat all investigation.' One thing Mr. SQUIER has resolutely set his hand to do; and that is, to correct the geography, the maps and charts of the country which he describes, and which have heretofore been received as authentic. He dwells especially upon the servile perpetuation of the arbitrary political subdivisions of the country, made under English authority, to sustain the pretensions of the British government. 'They are impudent pretensions,' says Mr. SQUIER, 'which map-makers in England, accessory to the schemes of their own government, have adopted without scruple.' 'These be parlous words,' but they are verified by examples which will be considered as coming within the scope of actual proofs. The volume is nervous in style; well executed typographically, and liberally illustrated.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE SECOND, King of Spain. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In two volumes: pp. 1228. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

'A MEDITERRANEAN sea of soup, said SYDNEY SMITH, 'awaits PRESCOTT, on his arrival in England.' The popularity of this eminent author as a historian is fully equalled by his popularity as a man. The difficulties, arising from defective vision, under which he has labored in writing works which will go down with increasing admiration to future generations, have only served to enhance his reputation for amplest research, and the most condensed and admirable arrangement of his facts. Moreover, he has 'great facility in seizing the picturesque elements of isolated scenes, and re-producing them in choice cabinet pieces, often possessing minute and exquisite beauty.' It has been well and forcibly said, by one among the most capable of our metropolitan critics, that Mr. PRESCOTT's historical narratives are always 'clothed with many fascinations. Ever transparent in style, it flows with an easy and graceful motion, with the windings of a gentle stream. His sentences are cast in a mould of lucid brevity. He is wholly free from affectation, from extravagance, from grotesque fancies or expressions: in short, he has none of the vices of the spasmodic school. His artlessness and simplicity are visible on every page of his writings: they almost bring you into personal relations with the *man*, as well as the *author*: they give you a certain home-like sense of freedom: they inspire you with something like a feeling of affection — certainly of confidence — and a perfect conviction that you are listening to the discourse of a good-tempered and well-disposed gentleman.' The following, from the pen of Mr. GEORGE RIPLEY, whose critical acumen is unquestioned, and whose confirmation of our own humble literary judgments we have before had occasion to cite, affords a proper estimate of the work under notice:

'The portion of European history embraced in the volumes extends from the abdication of CHARLES V., in 1555, to the death of Queen ISABELLA, in 1568. Apart from the important political relations of that period, it is crowded with events of stirring and romantic interest in singular harmony with the genius and taste of the eminent historian who has devoted the assiduous labors of several years to its study and record. The alliance between Spain and England, and the marriage of PHILIP to the 'bloody' MARY; the war with Pope PAUL IV.; the retirement of CHARLES V. at Yuste, and the details of his private life at the celebrated Jeronymite convent at that place; the extirpation of Protestantism in Spain; the career of ALVA in the Netherlands; the siege of Malta; the fates of DON CARLOS and his step-mother, the beautiful ELIZABETH of France; are among the highly suggestive themes which that era presents to the pen of the historian.

'The principal English authority on the subject has hitherto been found in the pages of WATSON, a writer of moderate pretensions, who, although in some respects a sufficiently agreeable narrator, was not so imbued with the spirit of historical criticism as to elevate his work to the rank of a permanent classic in English literature. In regard to this point, Mr. PRESCOTT presents a strong and admirable contrast to his predecessor. One of his most signal merits as a historian — and which, of course, lies at the foundation of all distinguished excellence in this department of literary art — is his obvious accuracy and discrimination of research. In this quality, without the apparent pedantry of the Germans, he shares their unsurpassed preëminence. No difficulties in the path of investigation are too formidable for his enterprise and perseverance. Few

writers exhibit a higher degree of intellectual courage in leaving the beaten paths of tradition and ascending to the original sources of information. In his devotion to the purest and most authentic evidence, he emulates the fidelity of GIBSON himself, and even surpasses that of ROBERTSON, who we should judge is his favorite model of historic composition.

'In procuring the materials for this work, he has been singularly fortunate. The public archives of the great European capitals have been freely open to his inspection. Many which have been hid beneath the dust of ages are now liberally exposed to the examination of the scholar, and Mr. PRESCOTT has not neglected to avail himself effectively of the advantage. A detailed account of his procedure in the collection of materials is given in the preface to these volumes, and will be read with interest by every scholar.

'Nor is Mr. PRESCOTT less remarkable for the discretion with which he handles his materials than for his zeal in tracing them to the most satisfactory sources. He is always calm, temperate, judicial. He weighs evidence with caution, fairness, and good sense. He is never seduced into the indulgence of tempting fancies, and never becomes the victim of foregone theoretical conclusions. He never permits the influence of favorite ideas to throw a coloring over the procession of affairs.'

Mr. PRESCOTT's high reputation abroad has secured to him the honor of being elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and other renowned learned societies. With the modesty that always accompanies true merit, Mr. PRESCOTT bears his honors meekly, while his countrymen rejoice in them, as worthy tributes worthily bestowed. We must not withhold our cordial commendation of the typographical execution of the work, which is most creditable to the care and liberality of the publishers. The types are large and of a beautiful mould, the paper is firm and white, and the printing all that could be desired by the most fastidious book-fancier. Four good engravings (of PHILIP the Second, DON CARLOS, Prince of the Asturias, the Duke of ALVA, and MARGARET of Parma) embellish the volumes. The sale of the work we learn has been most extraordinary, and is still upon the increase: a fact not less creditable to our national taste than honorable to the talents of the gifted author.

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LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. In three volumes. Volumes First and Second: pp. 1022. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY: C. T. EVANS, Number 18, GILSEY-Building, corner of Cortlandt-street and Broadway, General Agent for the State of New-York.

MANIFESTLY great as has been the labor which has collected, collated, and condensed the *matériel* of this work, as far as it has advanced, it is none the less evident that it was to our preëminent American author literally a 'labor of love.' We remember hearing Mr. IRVING describe, one pleasant June day at 'Sunny-side,' the only time that he ever saw General WASHINGTON. The General, for it was on Sunday, had been worshipping at St. PAUL's Church in Broadway, the entrance to which, at that time, was in Fulton-street. The congregation was slowly leaving the sacred edifice, and all eyes were turned toward the dignified and imposing presence of the PATER PATRIÆ, who was



returning the salutations of those who had the good fortune to be near his person. As he passed by the Scottish nurse who had charge of the then little child who is now the author of the great national history before us, she raised him up in her arms, held him toward the GENERAL, and observed that he was named after him. WASHINGTON patted the little boy's head, gave him a smile of long-remembered sweetness, and passed on amid the crowd of his almost reverent admirers. From a child, therefore, it may be assumed, our author's interest in his now world-renowned subject has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Certain it is, that thus far the work before us promises to be the best Life of WASHINGTON which can be handed down to future generations of the American people. Of its style, we have already expressed our humble opinion. That for clearness, richness, conciseness of arrangement, truthful grouping of incidents and scenes, it is unsurpassed by any modern work, has already been conceded by the best critics. The first volume treats of the earlier part of WASHINGTON's life, previous to the war of the Revolution; giving his expeditions into the wilderness, his campaigns on the frontier, in the old French war, and the other 'experiences' by which his character was formed, and he was gradually trained up and prepared for his great destiny. 'Although a biography,' says the author, 'and of course admitting of familiar anecdote, excursive digressions, and a flexible texture of narrative, yet for the most part it is essentially historic. WASHINGTON, in fact, had very little private life, but was eminently a public character. All his actions and concerns, almost from boyhood, were connected with the history of his country.' The writer therefore was obliged to take glances over collateral history, as seen from his point of view, and influencing his plans, and to narrate distinct transactions apparently disconnected with his concerns, but eventually bearing upon the great drama in which he was the principal actor. Mr. IRVING may well claim to have executed his task with candor and fidelity; stating facts on good authority, and avoiding all false coloring and exaggeration. This, we have no doubt, will be the judgment of posterity. His work is founded on the correspondence of WASHINGTON, which affords the surest and amplest ground-work for his biography. This he consulted as it exists in manuscript in the archives of the Department of State at Washington, to which he had full and frequent access, as well as in 'WASHINGTON's Writings,' as published by Mr. SPARKS, to whom Mr. IRVING pays this cordial and well-deserved tribute: 'A careful collation of many of them with the originals has convinced me of the general correctness of the collection, and of the safety with which it may be relied upon for historical purposes: and I am happy to bear this testimony to the essential accuracy of one whom I consider among the greatest benefactors to our national literature, and to whose writings and researches I acknowledge myself largely indebted throughout my work.'

The first volume closed with a description of the Battle of Bunker-Hill: the second opens with an account of WASHINGTON's taking command of the armies, with descriptions of the British and American commanders, and of the revolutionary army, and ends with the triumphant close of the campaign, after the crossing of the Delaware, and the battle of Trenton. The reader knows what



stirring events, that literally 'tried men's souls,' were crowded into this period : and here they will find them recorded as they have never been set down before. It is useless to commend the volumes to the public. The public well knows their character and their value. No previous American work, of a kindred description, has ever acquired so rapid and continuous a sale. Its typographical execution and externals are in all respects faultless.

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CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. In two volumes. Vol. II. : pp. 781. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

WE have noticed briefly this important and elaborate work, which deserves far more than a passing comment. There are perhaps none better qualified than the Messrs. DUYCKINCK, by taste, culture, habits, and opportunity, for an undertaking of the kind. As editors of the '*Literary World*' for many years, they have taken cognizance of literary men and books : their antiquarian researches have been long prosecuted : in the course of foreign travel, and by keeping an eye open to the occasions which our own country affords, they have collected many rare and curious volumes, and have one of the best-stocked and most costly private libraries which can anywhere be found. Added to this, their position has thrown open to them every available source of information, and their genial associations have brought them in contact with many of like tastes, who have willingly and generously put them in possession of their own stores. So much for literary fitness. They also brought to the task, together with indefatigable industry, a love of letters for their own sake, a right spirit, and a disposition which has so long manifested itself in an appreciation for all which is genial and ennobling in literature, that it would disdain to make their work a vehicle for any private partialities. The most distinguished and the most humble authors, in the narrative of what they have done, or written, are alike succinctly and candidly dealt with ; nor do any, in the plan of the work, arrogate a large space. The writings of each are judiciously classified, and briefly but acutely analyzed ; while their characteristics are neatly and elegantly expressed. If, therefore, any omissions may be noted, or any mistakes in matters of fact have crept in, in the preparation of so large a work, they have no doubt been unavoidable, and will be rectified in subsequent editions. That many future editions will demand their care, we cannot well doubt, nor that the *Cyclopædia of American Literature* will be eagerly sought for, and placed in all public libraries ; nor will any private collection be complete without it. It is not only valuable as a book of reference, nor to be consulted as a dictionary, but is interesting to read through in course.

The first volume contained as a frontispiece an elegant engraving on steel, one of the most satisfactory likenesses of FRANKLIN which we have seen. The second is prefaced by one equally well executed of J. FENIMORE COOPER, from a daguerreotype by BRADY. It commences with a review of the life and writings of J. K. PAULDING, and embraces notices of about five hundred American authors, more or less known to fame, accounts of public institutions and

seats of learning, besides being profusely embellished by hundreds of well-designed engravings upon wood. Although but a very small space is allotted even to the most distinguished, we have thus two volumes, royal octavo, containing in all fifteen hundred pages, embracing personal and critical notices of nearly a thousand American writers, with selections from their writings, from the earliest periods to the present day; with two hundred and twenty-five portraits, four hundred and twenty-five autographs, and seventy-five views of colleges, libraries, and residences. The following remarks from the preface will indicate some of the principles by which the authors have been guided in making selections for their work :

‘THE passages to be selected for quotation in a work of this kind must frequently be chosen for their minor qualities. The brief essay, the pertinent oration, the short poem, the song, or squib of the wit may be given, where it would be absurd to mutilate the entire line of argument of a work on philosophy, or where it would be irreverent to violate the sanctity of a treatise of divinity, by parading its themes, plucked from the sacred inclosure of the volume. It has further been an object in the extracts to preserve the utmost possible completeness; to present a subject as nearly as practical in its entire form. . . . We have kept in view the idea that a work of the opportunities of the present, should aid in the formation of taste and the discipline of character, as well as in the gratification of curiosity and the amusement of the hour. The many noble sentiments, just thoughts, the eloquent orations, the tasteful poems, the various refinements of literary expression, drawn together in these volumes, are indeed the noblest appeal and the best apology for the work. The voice of two centuries of American literature may well be worth listening to.’

And will no doubt be heard with effect. Those two centuries are proved to be not altogether a barren waste. Their track is relieved by bright thoughts, brilliant fancies, enough to distinguish many names in the annals of mind, if not in the ranks of professed authorship. We would suggest to the Messrs. DUYKINCK that their farther researches might disclose worthy materials for an additional volume, which would not make the work too cumbrous, considering the magnitude of the design.

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FIVE HUNDRED MISTAKES OF DAILY OCCURRENCE, in Speaking, Pronouncing, and Writing the English Language, Corrected. In one volume: pp. 73. New-York: DANIEL BURGESS AND COMPANY, Number 60, John-street.

THIS is undeniably a very useful little book : it is calculated, and *well* calculated, to induce, and to *effect* that correctness in language, which many grammars, half-studied, as nearly all grammars *are*, would fail to produce. The book, to adopt the words of the preface, ‘is designed as a *practical* aid to persons who commit habitual blunders and improprieties in speaking and writing.’ It does not present a treatise on grammar, but takes up ‘*Five Hundred Common Mistakes*,’ such as are made daily in conversation, and exposes, explains, and corrects them, in a striking and epigrammatic manner, which makes a quick and deep impression upon the memory. The errors that are noticed in this volume consist variously of abuses of grammar, misapplications of words and phrases, improprieties of metaphor and comparison, mis-statements of meaning, faults of pronunciation, and numerous other inaccuracies which creep into daily conversation. The book will be found to be of invaluable service to all per-

sons who are in the habit of misusing many of the most common words of the English language, distorting its grammatical forms, destroying its beauty, and corrupting its purity. A great majority of the corrections are admirable, and in all respects judicious, while others (very few, to be sure,) strike us as entirely adscititious. For example :

- '405: For 'He *attacted* me without the slightest provocation,' say *attacked*.'  
'406: For 'I called on him every day in the week *successfully*,' say *successively*.'

Well, yes : it *would* be best to follow both of these directions : we never knew or heard a man who *did n't*, without any such advice to guide him. We beg to propose two kindred 'corrections :'

- \* '501: For 'Cats *eats* mice,' say 'Cats *eat* mice.' Mice is a noun of multitude, signifying several, and governed by cats.'  
'502: For 'Shads *is* come,' (upon the advent of that species of fish in the Hudson, in the spring-time,) say, 'Shad are *arrove*.' The inelegance of the one form of expression, and the propriety of the other, are visible at a glance.'

Seriously, however : our copy, we are informed, is of the first edition. In subsequent editions many errors have been corrected. The work will well reward its purchaser. Its sale, we learn, is very great. We wish it abundant success.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR-SPY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By I. W. STUART. In one volume: pp. 230. Hartford, Conn.: F. A. Brown, Publisher.

THIS volume supplies, and *well* supplies, a very important desideratum in American revolutionary history. 'It is hard,' says Mr. STUART, 'that a spirit so exalted as was that of Captain NATHAN HALE; that a life and conduct like his, so pure, so heroic, so disinterested, and so renowned by an act of martyrdom, one of the most galling and valiant on record, should not have been fitly commemorated hitherto, either by the pen of history or biography.' Even as to his remains, no one can certainly tell their place of repose, although his ashes rest somewhere in our great metropolis. Authors of books upon the Revolution have hardly made mention of the fact of HALE's arrest as a spy, for which office he had volunteered, and his execution, which was attended by circumstances of unwonted cruelty: 'MARSHALL, RAMSAY, GORDON, BUTLER, BOTTA, have not one word to say concerning him. BANCROFT has not yet reached him. HANNAH ADAMS just mentions him: and popular school-histories merely allude to his fate.' But this strange neglect, we are glad to say, is here remedied. From a great variety of authentic sources, there is now gathered together in the volume before us a well-digested history of the 'Martyr-Spy of the Revolution.' In addition to whatever had attained to print, Mr. STUART has 'been so fortunate as to obtain HALE's own diary, with several letters written by, and many addressed to him. Beside this, there are reminiscences from HALE's own attendant in camp; from the soldier who was his companion for a portion of the time, on his last and fatal expedition; from the lady to whom he was betrothed; and from one of his pupils, who had a lively recollection of him. Many other of HALE's cotemporaries have supplied information respecting him, including some who actually saw him executed. The re-

sult is a volume of great historical importance and great interest, written with a conscientious desire to do justice to the memory of one who laid down his life in the service of his country ; a man who certainly deserves as much sympathy, among ourselves, as ANDRE has found in England. Of this man, worthy of all honor, we here have the life and death clearly narrated, from first to last, and a sad record it is, albeit most honorable to HALE's memory. The Appendix contains the genealogy of the HALE family ; a sketch of Mrs. LAWRENCE, the lady to whom HALE was betrothed ; the Diary we have mentioned ; and that portion of Hon. H. J. RAYMOND's speech at Tarrytown, October, 1853, (at the dedication of the monument erected to commemorate the capture of Major ANDRE,) as referred to the conduct and character of Captain NATHAN HALE. The volume contains nine well-executed engravings, illustrative of HALE's life.'

There may exist, in the minds of historians, a reluctance to exalt the character of a military spy. But what a noble heroism was that which induced HALE to offer himself up an almost certain victim to his love of country, and his disregard of personal safety ! Moreover, who employed him ? General WASHINGTON, the 'Father' of that 'Country' for which he offered up his life. A spy is one of the 'strategies' of war : if the *cause* be good, should its *instrument* be dishonored ? Who knows but that HALE had been incited by the advice contained in the characteristic autograph-letter of WASHINGTON to Major TALLMADGE, which we had the pleasure to forward, by request, to Prince DOLGOROUKI, of Russia ? A careful man was to be employed to 'go within the British lines on Long-Island : to see whether they were *keeping* the bullocks that were driven into camp, or whether they were *slaughtered*, for packing : and whether they were making up woollen or summer-clothing for the troops.' Now how could this intelligence—so important to WASHINGTON, and the disposition and destination of his forces, (as indicating whether they were to move, and *if* to move, whether their course was to be to the South or to the North,) have been obtained, *except* through the services of a spy ? But enough on this point.

It was a coincidence, although perhaps not a 'singular' one, that the ink of the following was scarcely dry, when the book under notice reached us in our daily town-parcel, and was laid on our table : There is one remarkable, at least a very distinctive object, which points out the place, on the unbroken crest of the gently-sloping hill a little west of 'Old Tappaan,' where ANDRE was executed, and where his remains so long reposed, previous to being removed to Westminster Abbey, in London. Very near the spot where the rude stone that marks his first place of sepulture now rests, rises a tall, straight cedar-tree, which can be seen from all the lower adjacent region. There it

——— 'STANDS up unbent,  
His fair and fitting monument :  
And long will sunset's light be shed,  
As now, upon that cedar's head,  
That green memorial of the dead !'

By-the-by, *à propos* of ANDRE : he never *intended* to be a spy. Against his stipulation, his intention, and without his knowledge beforehand, he was conducted within one of the American posts. Here he was *obliged* to don a disguise, in order to concert his escape. He evinced his great anxiety, in all that

he subsequently said and did, not to be considered 'in the vile relation of a spy within an enemy's posts.' 'But HALE, respected as an efficient officer, and beloved as a man, despising the shame, if there were any, and courting the ignominy, if such was to be his lot, went forth, against protestations of friends and remonstrances of fellow-soldiers; and was detected, arrested, executed: lamenting, with his last breath, that he had but *one* life to offer up for his country.

But before we close this already too extended notice, let us present what has always been our own impression in relation to *one* circumstance connected with the execution of Major ANDRE. He was a close prisoner, with no possible chance of escape, and from first to last evinced no disposition to do so. Before the day appointed for his execution, he wrote the following letter to WASHINGTON, which our old friend and correspondent, 'R. S. C.,' of the State Department at Washington, has kindly copied for us from the original, preserved in the Government archives:

'SIR:

'*Tapaan the 1st October, 1780.*

Buoy'd above the Terror of Death by the Consciousness of a Life devoted to honorable pursuits and stained with no action that can give me Remorse, I trust the request I make to Your Excellency at this serious period and which is to soften my last moments will not be rejected.

'Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce Your Excellency and a Military Tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour.

'Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these Feelings in your Breast by being informed that I am not to die on a Gibbet.

'I have the honour to be

Your Excellency's

most obedient and

most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRE, Adj. Gen.

to the Brit: Army.'

To His Excellency,  
General WASHINGTON.'

'Why could not this 'last request' have been granted?' is a question which has been often asked by Americans whose love and reverence for WASHINGTON are not exceeded by the most illustrious and devoted of his countrymen. *We* are unable, as *all* are unwilling, to believe, that resentment of treatment awarded to American officers and soldiers by the British leaders, should have led WASHINGTON to retaliate in kind. The time, the crisis, the great interests at stake; the necessity of firmness and inflexible resolve; must have constituted the *quo animo* of WASHINGTON's indifference to, and neglect of ANDRE's honorable (and we shall always think *reasonable*) request, to die the death of a soldier. But at that time, WASHINGTON's temples were throbbing with the cares and dangers of an infant empire: he had been deceived 'in the house of his friends.' ARNOLD had turned against him, and against the country who looked up to him as a Defender, a Deliverer. Looking to *Posterity*, WASHINGTON would have added another chaplet to his laden brow had he granted ANDRE's touching request. From *his* 'stand-point' he reasoned with characteristic caution. But he was wrong: for 'the quality of mercy is not strained: it droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven:' and that dew of mercy would have brightened, more and more, every revolving year, the emerald green that crowns the slope where ANDRE slept, while it would have added freshness to the wreath which will ever surround the brows of 'THE GREAT AND THE GOOD WASHINGTON.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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'THIRTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO — A FACT!' comes headed the following, from our 'Up-River' correspondent. 'Out of the North cometh cold,' saith JOB: and warmth, too, our readers will add, when they have perused the weather-record which ensues:

'Inter Boreales: Jan 27.

'THIRTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO: This is ten degrees lower than the god MERCURY had snuggled down in his crystal cell at my last. *Amabile frigus!* as HORATIUS has it. Delightful coolness! Have you ever tasted it? Clap your tongue on a bar of cold iron, or a smooth sleigh-runner, and it will polish it up, and remove the fur. Lunar caustic is a fool to it. Boys have sometimes tried it when 'coasting,' or running down hill with their small sleds.

'Doctor KANE, the gallant explorer, who has done every thing except fastening the American flag on the top of the North Pole, has sketched a lively portrait of JACOBUS FROST, with biting and remorseless tooth, and almost chills you to the bone; although, at the same time, he fires the imagination in depicting the gloomy, grand, majestic Arctic scenery. He makes you acquainted with a multitude of icy pranks; and, with a literary genius not always allied with a bold and dashing spirit, he adopts and he adapts the hard, impracticable, and technical terms of peculiar science, so that their very sound suggests the poetry which is found not more beneath Italian skies than in the midst of bitter-cold, crystalline realms. See him at first collecting water from 'the beautiful fresh pools of the ice-bergs and *floes*,' then 'quarrying out the blocks in flinty, glassy lumps' (to melt for daily drink) in WELLINGTON Channel, then sailing through the 'sludge,' soon changed to 'pan-cakes and to snow-balls,' until, at last, he says: 'We were *glued up*.' Then the crew walked over 'decks dry, and studded with *botryoidal* lumps of dirty, foot-trodden ice,' while the rigging over-head had 'nightly accumulations of rime.' Then the hatchway became 'a mass of icicles. The opening of a door was the signal for a gush of smoke-like vapor, every stove-pipe sent out clouds of purple steam, and a man's breath looked like the firing of a pistol on a small scale.' He goes on to describe the singular effects of cold on different substances. Dried apples became 'one *solid breccial mass of impacted angularities, a conglomerate of sliced chalcodony*.' 'Butter and lard required a heavy cold-chisel and mallet. Their fracture is conchoidal, with hæmatic (iron-ore pimpled) surface. Pork and beef are rare specimens of Florentine mosaic, emulating the lost art of petrified visceral monstrosities



seen at the medical schools of Bologna and Milan.' Such were the queer doings of Nature among the Arctics, while the graceful ship, that thing of life, lay paralyzed in the frozen ocean, a moveless picture, with her spars and feathery outlines just visible in the solemn light. Dim glowed the taper within the stout bulwarks, no cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, no flame roared up the pipe; fire was represented by a little spark, a faint ignition; but the hearts of the *men* were warm and brave. It looked like the 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties'—the study of practical geography with the advantage of the original maps, to be sure, but in a very cold school-room. Nevertheless, in what snug farm-house, in what wealthy home, in what well-endowed institution, could be found a better-ordered family? Their passions were rectified in the icy air, they were apart from the petty meanesses which distract society, science flourished, luxury was unknown, except the keenest kind which comes from the pursuit of noble enterprise. Better for man is that purifying atmosphere, the keen and cutting ether which circulates about the pole, than balmy winds which buoy over tropic seas the spice and frankincense of islands which are placed like gems beneath the equatorial belt. It is better to be fixed in the midst of those compacted masses, to roll among the ice-bergs, and to cool your tongue with cracked-up, flinty lumps, than take the bath in genial surfs, or suffer lassitude among the roses. True energy and vigor are northern-born, and cradled beneath the polar star. At stated intervals they send their forces to subdue the citadels of luxury, to be shorn themselves of all their Vandal roughness, to be melted down in turn by soft effeminacy, and to be again revived and conquered by fresher hordes. Thus is the process going on: the current flows from north to south, but at each return it takes a westerly direction. The course of empire is to the north and west.

'Cold, like heat, (nutritive of sloth,) induces sleep. But, in the first instance, it indulged in, the result is death. So that in coldest climes activity is the very condition of life. Bestir yourself, harness your dogs, be off among the Esquimaux, chase the foxes, grapple with the white bear, spur your rein-deer over the mainland and glassy coasts; beat your sides, stamp your feet, ye sentries, or you are dead men. In the ordinary meaning of the words, the lazy will not make an exertion to 'get a living,' but they will stir their stumps if otherwise they must die. Brain-work is vigorously and beautifully accomplished within the Arctic circle. That circle is a zone of strength to girdle up the loins of such a man as KANE.

'ILLI robur, et æs triplex  
Circa pectus erat.

He went forth and returned again to his nest in the rocks like an eagle with a strong wing. He stood still and gazed from his high eyrie through the translucent air. What strange phases and varieties of adventure had he not known! Sword in hand he had fought his way through fierce brigands in the tropics, and to the very gates of Mexico; penetrated to the baracoons of Dahomey and to the slave-marts of Whydah; ascended the Nile to the confines of Nubia, and stood within the shade of Egypt's solemn monuments; clambered up the Himalayah; battled with the ladores of the Indian Archipelago; suspended by a bamboo rope, went down two hundred feet from a projecting cliff into the crater of the Tael of Luzon; clambered seven hundred more through the scoræ to make a topographical sketch of the interior of that great volcano, and, last of all, paced the deck of his beleaguered ship, or stood beneath the bright stalactites which clustered about his door-way, while he gazed upon the icy barriers heaped up by ages.

'Great is man! He yoketh the ox, he putteth a bit in the mouth of the horse,



subdues the ground, places his hand on the mane of the sea, dives into the bowels of the earth, mounts into the air, says to the mountains, 'Be cast down!' makes the high places low and the crooked places straight, brings the elements into obedient vassalage, snatches the fire from heaven, puts a girdle round the earth in twenty seconds, and, with a god-like prerogative, he makes the winds his messengers, and his ministers a flame of fire. Great is man!

'I had not intended to allude to KANE, but commenced with a different object, to speak of the effects of intense cold. *Thirty degrees below zero* are sometimes experienced in this latitude, although we neither feed on train-oil, nor harness dogs, nor drive rein-deer, nor travel with snow-shoes; and I assure you that the weather is quite comfortable at that point. It is intense, but still. Ordinary winter clothing will suffice. When you snuff the open air, you are aware of its quality from the fine and icy net-work, finer than spider's web, which is woven instantaneously within your nostrils as the breath goes out, and which is dissolved and spun again with a tickling and a tingling sensation. The lungs imbibe freely and refreshingly as if cool wavelets of a brook. The snow squeaks beneath the feet. Within doors you are startled by sundry noises; the timbers of the house groan, the boards contract, and tear up the nails with a sound which resembles the explosion of a pistol, and is repeated at short intervals. The smoke rolls upward from the chimneys in white volumes — white as the snow itself. The flanks of the horses are well powdered, their manes and shaggy coats are tagged with little pellets, a hirsute beard of icicles hangs from their chins. As they stand thus enveloped in vapor, and a white steam gushes from their nostrils, they seem like mythic creatures come back to realms of matter-of-fact. The eaves of houses are adorned with massive, sharpened pendants, which would be deemed most rich if carved in wood or marble, but which are superber yet when of transparent crystals. This architectural ornamentation, made by the still and master-hand of Nature, alas! that it should be removed as quickly, as noiselessly, and as magically as it was fashioned, by a breath or by vapor, in a night or in a day; that one by one the icicles should all drop off, and nothing be left but a rude uncomely gutter. In the morning, the windows of your chamber are not covered with delicate frost-work, in which you can trace out many pictures, but coated with a thick snow, through which external objects are invisible. If you have courage to resume your walks, go visit the pools where you have once dropped your line for the speckled trout, the water-course, the cascade, or the cataract. There you will see superb congelations, immense icicles. Mill-dams are frozen, and, with all their foam and frothy billows, arrested and petrified as by a magician's wand; the great rocks are covered with a massive coating, and from the brow of the dripping precipice hang immense ice-drops, sharp and glittering pendants, while shafts and columns, and glittering boulders of every form, are seen about, and the whole landscape is arrayed in the utmost gorgeousness of winter.

'Not long ago, at the midnight hour, I sat inditing this by a cheerful light. A stealthy cold crept along the floor, and stole about the feet. I heard the boards and timbers cracking, I arose and piled on the pitchy logs, then went out into the keen night-air. What a scene! The moon was at the full. Within a hundred yards, at the base of a steep hill upon the right, a range of manly Doric columns, carved out of native marble, and worthy of ancient Athens, composing the capitol on the portico of this sovereign State, glistened in the white beams, and a beautiful dome was upheaved in the very spot where, within the memory of living men, the audacious wolves, and bears, and catamounts were wont to prowl. All around lay

a vast scene of rolling mountains, white from peak to base, the surface of the snow as hard as ice, and glistening like purest alabaster. It was a cold, a glorious, yet solemn sight. Light without warmth! You could read the finest print. I had a polar feeling, such as KANE had when he searched for FRANKLIN's grave among the bergs of ice. I sniffed and snuffed the breeze bare-headed for a moment, and then retreated into summer heat. Cold contracts: it crystallizes iron, and it drives the soul into snug, concentrated quarters. It makes home pleasant, and by contrast adds a new delight and zest to genial warmth. Now the historians please, now the poets satisfy. Ah! how pleasant to be in a snug home, when the tempest dashes against the windows and upon the roof; or in an illuminated library when the winter howls without! But I was about to describe the physical effects of intense cold. Man readily adapts himself to any climate, and can live *sub Dio frigido* — be very comfortable at thirty degrees below zero — or breathe, like the fire-kling, in an oven hot enough to bake bread. It is all habit. Other animals seem to suffer little. Cows and horses bear the weather well. As to hogs, they are not sensitive: they are as tough as J. B.: either their hides are leathery thick, or bristles are warm as Saxony wool. Give them provender, and a chance to put one hoof in the trough, and they do not care whether Mercury goes up an inch or down a foot. I can perceive no sign of suffering unless indicated by a grunt. It would be unfair to interpret that dialect as expressing the voice of complaint.

'Birds sometimes perish, and are pierced through the vitals by a sharp icy dart, as they are struck dead by electric fire; but if they belong to Northern climes, they bear up (*penna metuente solvi*) with an untiring wing.'

'The other day, I saw a flight of snow-birds sit down in a garden-patch to pick at the seed-vessels of a few dry weeds, and as they rose up to fly, and wheeled about, they seemed like a flurry of vast snow-flakes, their bosoms were 'so white as no fuller on earth could whiten them.' It is funny to see a single file of geese fast asleep, standing upon the ice on one leg, like so many zanies, looking like the relics of that great shot once made by Baron MUNCHAUSEN. But a Shanghai rooster is out of place in this latitude. He can't stand it. There was a tall, scrawny fellow about the premises, and his feathers looked like porcupine quills. The first cold snap came, and in the night watches I no longer heard him crow the hours in accordance with the town clock. In the morning he came not down from his perch: he grappled it with the clutch of an eagle's talons: it was the grab of death. From crest to Pope's nose, he was as stiff a piece of poultry as you would find in the stalls. For three months yet the Winter reigns lord paramount, and then the tender buds will begin to swell, and the willow bark turn yellow with the ascending sap. Patience! patience! Snow-banks now: but with a few more waxing, waning moons, the coaxing zephyrs will come along, the floods subside, and the tops of Ararat become green. But when the blue-bird shall begin to dress his plumes, and twitter upon the naked branch; when violets venture out with fragrant breath in cosy coves, beneath the sheltered rocks; when the blue sky appears in patches on the white concave; then when the rills and streams shall burst their manacles, and gash their way, with bubbling noise, through rocks and pebbly beds; when the tender blade puts forth, the swallow darts in his eccentric path, the chirping robin comes to build and pick his dainty spot among the boughs, the little martlet, undeterred by romping children, once more plasters up his house beneath the blooming eaves; and when the summer bursts with flowery and triumphant process down the vale:

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows.

F W S'

A DAY AMONG THE ICE. — On some sweltering hot day next summer, reader, as you walk along the sultry streets, and see the irregular blocks of crystal ice, slowly melting away upon the incipient mossy-green, sweating pavements of the areas of metropolitan dwellings, you will perhaps call to mind something of what we are going to *try* to describe for your instruction, and perhaps edification. One bright, cold morning in late January, we made one of a party of four, bound on a trip to Rockland and Highland Lakes, to witness, at our leisure, the cutting, gathering, and storing of ice, for the New-York and other domestic and foreign markets. It was truly a winter journey. A bright sun tempered the 'nipping and eager air,' and yet it 'bit shrewdly,' as we ascended the hills of Rockland, and saw on our right the frozen Tappaan-Zee, with its narrow channel of cold, blue water; on our left the distant hills of Ramapo, and before us the 'Great' and 'Little' 'Torn,' and the 'Hook' mountains, which lord it over the Great Bay of Haverstraw. Presently, the white and silent lake spread out before us; dotted here and there with groups of men and horses with their riders, looking like a small 'allied' army, deploying and 'strategising' upon some Crimean plain. The great ice-houses, near the eastern border of the lake, were sending out their white steam-puffs, indicating that all was bustle and activity 'thereaway,' as well as upon the frozen bosom of the lake itself. But let us approach a little nearer, and 'see what we shall see.'

Our first purpose will be, to present to the reader an external view of Rockland Lake, with the workmen upon it; next, to sketch the manner in which the product of their labor is harvested in the ice-houses upon the shore; and, 'thirdly, and lastly,' to give an interior view of the great reservoirs of which we have made mention. You descend to the eastern shore of the lake. Scattered over its adjacent surface, you observe men seated upon a low sled-like looking vehicle, drawn by a span of horses. These are numerous; and are the *planes*, beautiful 'instruments,' upon which one man sits, while the snow-ice is removed beneath him, leaving a smooth surface of pure ice for the operators who are to come after him. These are followed by the 'scrapers,' a triangular instrument, also drawn by two horses, with a man seated on one of the animals, and another on the scraper. This operation removes all the refuse snow and snow-ice which has been loosened and liberated by the planes. The next thing the observer remarks, is the process of 'marking out' in 'fields,' in long straight lines, like the extended furrows made by an expert ploughman, turning up the glebe in a level pasture-field in the spring-time, in the country. Then follow the ice-ploughs, 'singing a quiet tune,' as, with different depths of puncture, they follow each other along the marked lines, until they have cut the gelid mass to the required depth, (if we remember rightly some five inches.) The 'fields,' thus made, and thus laid out, are now ready for another set of operators. It should be mentioned, that these great 'fields' are *sawed* out, with long saws, such as are used in the country for separating saw-mill logs: with this exception, that there is nobody at the lower end of the saw to co-operate: a defect which struck us forcibly, (as we took the saw from the hands

of the operator and essayed to saw 'some,') and which we suggested to him. His response was peculiar. He said the operation *was* open to that objection, but if *we* would take the *lower* end, he would do the best with *his*. From that moment we 'did n't seem to take no interest' in *that* branch of the ice-business. But in the mean time, let us allude to the watery avenues, by which these 'fields,' rent and dissevered into smaller parcels, are to find their way to the great store-houses. This is accomplished by means of wide canals, cut in various places on the lake, all of which lead directly to the great reservoirs upon the shore, and which are kept from freezing in the 'still midnight cold'—that works so silently yet so effectively for the *Knickerbocker Ice Company*—by boats, passing and re-passing along them, in the long night-watches: and those who man them, we are glad to say, are rewarded with a true KNICKERBOCKER generosity for their arduous service. The cross-furrows in the 'fields' mark out blocks of the uniform size of twenty-two by twenty-six inches. Their transparency and their thickness are well known to all of our metropolitan readers, who have seen them going in, of a summer's morning, to the ice-depositories of our great hotels, the ASTOR, ST. NICHOLAS, and the like, among our numerous superb public houses. Well: 'now look sharp.' Do you see those men, standing at regular intervals, along the outer line of that distant 'field' of planed, and swept, and marked and ploughed ice? You do? Well, do you see that they have broad chisel-prys, as sharp as the best axe you ever swung, and that, 'with heavy beat and slow,' they are separating that 'field' (there are one thousand 'blocks' in it!) from the general mass of the lake's solid covering? Look again, and you see smaller 'fields' made from that; then *those* made less; until by-and-by the broad canals are filled with oblong rafts of ice, cut to the canal-pattern, and men either gliding gently on them, 'pushing on and keeping moving,' or else drawing them with long hook-poles, toward their cold and silent mansion. We hope, reader, that you may see this clearly; because we are now going to approach the vast ice-houses on the shore. Observe, please, that the several canals lead up to the sides of these vast reservoirs, covering in all some four acres, and thirty-five feet in height. Take the two largest, for example. You see six 'elevators,' as they are called, or inclined rail-way planes, leading down into the canals, which canals, by plank barriers, are narrowed to the width of the rail-ways: and here the narrowed 'fields' are separated into blocks; and an 'endless chain' revolves by steam, to which iron fingers are attached, each of which picks up a block; and there, one after another, all day, and often all night, as regular as clock-work, seventy-two of these blocks, at equal distances apart, and in regular succession, are ascending these 'elevators,' to descend, on gently-inclined planes, to the particular part of the building where the men are waiting to pack it away in uniform and successive layers. And what a sight it is to see these vast ice-accretions in store! We stood in the great 'Hall,' as it is called, in the middle of the largest structure, then nearly two-thirds full, and the only portion of all the houses that had not been crowded to repletion. We were looking toward the light, and as the sun shone through the blue-green transparent cakes, lighting up the whole scene with the subdued, weird radiance of an ocean-cave, we could n't help dreaming that we 'dwelt in marble halls' of more than regal magnificence. When we had seen how the ice was protected from the burning heats of summer by such

non-conductors as tan-bark, charcoal-dust, rice-chaff, saw-dust, fine salt-hay, and the like, we descended with our friends : and after a most agreeable repast, at the residence of a hospitable friend, we took sleigh, behind a span of black (and a little *too* lively) ponies, and were off for *Highland Lake*, eighteen miles distant ; our road leading through the large, flourishing village of Haverstraw, which 'rambles' along the west shore of the great Bay of that name, and under the lofty peak of the 'High Torn,' which pinnacles the highland coast of that region. A drive of twelve miles, over a road continually 'up hill and down dale,' flanked at intervals by precipices sheer down an hundred and fifty feet, brought us to CALDWELL'S Landing, at the entrance of the Highlands, having passed on our way Stoney Point, VERPLANCK'S Point, and one or two other localities made memorable by important deeds in the Revolution. Ordering supper to be ready on our return, we moved onward, three miles and a half farther, when we drew rein at a small cottage-house under the mountain, directly opposite 'Saint ANTHONY'S Nose,' whose snow-covered mass rose cold and bleak into the wintry sky, making his black nostril, which a train of cars was just entering, look doubly 'pokerish.' Here we dismounted, and taking a well-trodden foot-path through the deep snow, we walked up the hill-side a short distance, then over its crest into a kind of forest amphitheatre, as completely shut out from view as if we had been in the depths of the wilderness in the great west. The solemn stillness of that winter-forest was *audible*, so intense was it. Presently, at a turn in the snow-path, there came suddenly upon the ear a sound which actually seemed to take possession of the atmosphere. Like a Presence, it *filled* the surrounding wintry woods. A moment more, and the cause of that noise was revealed. Standing low in the basin scooped out by NATURE before us, arose the *Highland Lake Ice-House*, a large square white structure, like those we have endeavored to depict at Rockland. Not a human being was to be seen, except ourselves — four 'KNICKERBOCKERS,' by profession and 'community of feeling.' High up before us, like water-troughs leading down from a distant height to a high flouring-mill in some deep gorge or ravine, came the ice-troughs, or 'leaders,' resting upon tressel-work supporters, and terminating in two spiral rail-ways, through which the building was filled with the unsown, uncultivated, but most prolific and bountiful ice-harvest. These troughs, or 'leaders' disappeared entirely in the distance : and all that we saw, was the huge blocks, immense in size, that with a swiftness greater than that of any locomotive that ever *flew* over an iron rail, with 'a rush, a roar, and a rumble,' came, as if from out the very sky toward which we were looking up at them, and whirled round, and finally *up*, the spiral rail-ways, and so, with diminished speed into the great ice-house, where they are received by a full corps of workmen, and 'slode' into the places which they are to occupy, until called from their icy cavern, in the fervors of the summer-solstice. No one could see this, and say that it was not sublime. 'Great power, in motion,' says BURKE, 'is *always* sublime : ' and these immense blocks of ice, rushing on, at regular intervals, and with *inconceivable* swiftness, with no visible propelling force, and depositing themselves unseen, was an almost *awful* development of the fact. At the speed with which those immense cakes of ice flew, each one would have crushed an elephant, had that graceful and fragile quadruped crossed its track.

Little remains to be added, in illustration of this scene. Suffice it to say, that by a snow-path, we followed the 'leaders,' or ice-troughs up to the lake, which is small, but deep, and very clear and pure, and surrounded, in its still and sheltered basin, by a circular wall of beautifully-picturesque hills. It affords a single 'crop' of from thirty to forty thousand tons of ice, of the best kind, which is the capacity of the building where it is stored. The process of preparing, cutting, etc., is the same as at Rockland Lake; but no machinery is required to take it out. It floats from a dead level into the 'leaders,' and starts upon its inclined rail-way plane 'of its own motion.' From the great reservoir it is taken, when wanted, by another short inclined plane, not a stone's-throw off, (we do n't mean our old friend the eminent portrait-painter ELLIOTT's *stone's throw*, for that, 'Young KNICK' avers, is half-a-mile,) to the dock and the ice-barges that 'lie thereby' upon the west bank of the Hudson. The entire distance, from the Hudson to the lake is somewhat under eighty rods. For convenience of cutting, securing, storing, and shipping ice, the facilities afforded at Rockland and Highland Lakes, are not surpassed, if they are equalled, in America, or in any other part of the world. We have given our readers a faithful picture—in no respect exaggerated; contrariwise, we have really understated what we saw, and marvelled at, and wonderfully enjoyed—and we trust that when they stir the ice in their champagne, or clink it against a tumbler of pure Croton, or sip it in ice-cream, or other gelid delicacies, in the coming summer, they will have received a new impression as to how ice, in vast masses, is secured, and stored, and brought to market, for daily use, in the Great Metropolis, and other towns and cities in the United States. Let us look at it for a moment, as exhibited in a brief newspaper account of the business and facilities of the '*Knickerbocker Ice-Company*':

'ROCKLAND LAKE, being within thirty-five miles of New-York, immediately on the west shore of the Hudson, and furnishing, as it does, the best quality of ice, either for shipping, or for family use, is the most valuable property of the kind in the vicinity of the metropolis, and has for years supplied the city with more than half the ice consumed by its inhabitants, and its trade and shipping. At this point the Company has eight ice-houses, covering an area of nearly four acres, and capable of storing about one hundred and twenty thousand tons of ice! Two of these houses, which will contain about forty thousand tons each, are furnished with steam-engines, of forty-horse power, for taking ice out of the lake, and elevating it, by means of inclined planes, into the houses. Here, on the nineteenth of January, the Company had not far from one thousand men employed in securing the present crop of ice! At 'Rockland-Lake Landing' the Company has about one-and-a-half acres of land, on which there is a capacious ice-house, a dock, and dry-dock, a hotel, barns, sheds, etc. This land has a river-front of about one thousand feet. At 'Fort MONTGOMERY,' (this is Highland Lake, just described,) the Company has an ice-house, which stores from thirty to forty thousand tons of ice. At *Æsopus*, they have an ice-house, holding about twenty-two thousand tons of ice, which is taken from the river by steam-power, as at Rockland Lake. At '*Binnewater*,' better known perhaps as 'COLE's Pond,' they have an ice-house which stores about six thousand tons. This pond is about three-quarters of a mile from *Æsopus*. At *Rhinebeck*, the Company owns the 'Long Dock,' and an ice-house storing twenty thousand tons, recently built. At *Flatbush*, on the west bank of the Hudson, they have also a house holding fifteen thousand tons; and at *Barrytown*, still another, holding ten thousand tons.'

Now this is a small paragraph, but it tells a large story, and one that is



true in all particulars. Fourteen barges, with a carrying tonnage of six thousand tons; one hundred and twenty horses, drawing over a hundred ice-wagons about the city. *These* are the vehicles that you see 'dropping coolness and refreshment' in all the thoroughfares of the metropolis, as they 'go on their way rejoicing' many a thirsty soul. When you are awaiting your morning three or six pounds, reader, in the coming hot days, and are asking, 'Hasn't the ICE-MAN been round yet?' you will '*think* on these things.'

But let us be 'getting along home.' We all — 'us four and no more' — walked by the solitary snow-path, through the silent and leafless woods, until in a moment the frozen Hudson spread before us, and St. ANTHONY'S Nose, blue with the cold, arose before us. Arrived at the cottage, we uncovered our ponies, who were warm and comfortable, took sleigh, and before the evening gloaming had come on, we had arrived at CALDWELL'S, where a supper-dinner awaited us, such as you could scarcely find in our city: delicious tea and excellent coffee; tenderest beef-steak; the rarest delicacies of pickles; the regular KNICKERBOCKER dough-nuts, or krullers; with nameless other 'goodies,' which it is not necessary to particularize: the whole presided over by a lady of the old school; with manners dignified, quiet, gentle; a face and complexion pleasant and most fair and engaging: like a beautiful apple, dried a little, but unwithered and without a wrinkle, and beaming with the 'quiet evening sunshine of a good heart.' After supper, we waited until the moon arose upon the lovely, though bleak landscape, and then departed for our 'several places of abode.' As to what we saw and experienced on our way homeward, pleasant or otherwise, we shall hope to have something to say of that hereafter. As our colored Rockland orator, 'Black SAM,' says, when in one of his extempore addresses he raises an 'argument' which he can neither explain nor illustrate, 'Question on dat!' But 'no more *at present*,' 'any how!'

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A BEAUTIFUL COMPOSITION BY GEN. JACKSON. — The following beautiful inscription is engraved upon the tomb-stone of the wife of General JACKSON, erected over her grave in Tennessee. It was written by the brave old General himself; and for terseness and beauty of expression, has seldom been exceeded by any similar monumental record. We derive the copy from which we quote, from an esteemed friend, who has carried it in his pocket-book so long that it has become well-nigh illegible:

'HERE lie the remains of Mrs. RACHEL JACKSON, wife of President JACKSON, who died on the twenty-second day of December, aged sixty-one years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; to the rich she was an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament: her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence; and she thanked her CREATOR for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor: even DEATH, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God.'

How much love, veneration, and true feeling enter into this heart-felt, fervent epitaph! It is among the best of the many great and sententious things



that came from the old Hero's heart and pen. He was a good husband, a faithful friend, a stern patriot—a noble AMERICAN, in heart and soul. We are sorry now that we ever gave a vote against him. TIME brings wondrous changes, when DEATH has set his seal upon the deeds and events of an eminent public life.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—If the reader does n't laugh as heartily as we did at '*Gideon Grinder's Turkey-Raffle*,' we make a bad wager of an affirmative 'guess.' We have known just such an old 'SLY-BOOTS' of a 'Friend' as MR. LELAND describes :

'TALKING about turkey-raffles,' said GIDEON, 'I always think of the first one I ever dipped into. When I was about sixteen, my father thought it high time for me to be moving into business. I had always lived down in Delaware on the farm till this time; so I started for the city with a letter to my uncle. Now uncle was a staunch old Quaker, in the dry-good business, and he at once took me into his store to let me learn business, and into his home to look after me out of business, so that I was pretty well guarded at both corners. But boys will be boys, and I soon found among the young men in the store one or two who were willing enough to teach me city-ways. I was a pretty apt scholar. Well, time flew round, and one Christmas-eve, about two years after I came up to the city, I was down at the store packing goods to fill some order, along with another young man named NAT. Says NAT. to me:

'GID., my boy, this is rather hard, to have to work on Christmas-eve, ant it?'

'Rather!' I answered: 'but then to-morrow is Christmas, and we'll have that for a holiday, any way!'

'Not as you knows on!' said NAT. NAT. used a great many slang phrases. Then he added: 'OLD SHADWELL (my esteemed uncle) said he should give us to-morrow as holiday, except a *few* hours in the morning, when we might pack some goods to fill that Mobile order—just for exercise! Now GID., if we do have to come down here to-morrow, we will just make a time of it—you had better believe! I'm going to bring a bottle of whiskey, and if there's any virtue in that old counting-house stove, it's got to come out in the shape of hot water; so hurrah for whiskey-punches!'

'There was something irresistibly attractive to me in the idea. Here, right in my esteemed uncle's strong-hold to brew that awful abomination called by the world's people whiskey-punch; in this store, where six days of the week he was bodily present, and mentally present on the seventh. 'It shall be done!' said I to NAT. And then we went to work in earnest and packed the goods, nailed up the boxes, marked them, and having finished this much, we went down stairs to the counting-room; for we had been at work up stairs while packing. The head-clerk, who was busy at the books, told us we might go, and he would leave the keys at my uncle's house.

'Mr. SHADWELL,' said he to us, 'says you must pack those goods for Mobile to-morrow morning, and as soon as you get through you can have the rest of the day to yourselves.'

'Thank you for nothing,' said NAT. to me in a low voice; and we left the store. It was a bitter cold night, and as we passed an oyster-cellar, NAT. spoke out again:

'GID., what do you say to a few of the natives on the half-shell?'

'Done!' I replied: 'I can stow away half-a-dozen.' So down we went. There was a crowd in there, and great excitement round a table, where a man stood with dice-box rattling the bones. Having eaten the oysters and finished a couple of glasses of ale, we turned to see what caused the crowd and excitement.

'A turkey-raffle!' said NAT: 'hurrah! here's a cheap way to win a Christmas-

dinner. And look what fat turkeys! I'm bound to have one chance.' So NAT. put down his money; and at the sight of his boldness I determined to go in too: so I contributed; and after the amount was made up, the dice were duly thrown, and a famous large gobbler fell to the share of a beef-steak-faced, burly, 'broth of a boy,' who was porter in the store next to my uncle's. I tried my luck the second time, and by great good luck threw the highest; and a rousing hen-turkey became mine. Now I had never given it a thought that I should have such good-fortune; and as I took up the defunct hen-turkey, I felt 'sold,' without being so.

"What shall I do with her?" I asked NAT.

"Why," answered NAT., 'take her down to the store and leave her there. To-morrow morning bright and early we'll get her, have her cooked here at the cellar, and have her sent back to the store, and have a first-rate Christmas-dinner all to ourselves. I board up at old Mrs. SHINY's boarding-house, and I won't get any thing fit to eat there; and your uncle, Old SHADWELL, never makes a spread on Christmas; so it's the best thing we can do.'

'I agreed with NAT., and we both started for the store, but the head-clerk had gone, cleared out, and the store was locked up.

"Well," spoke NAT.; 'there's no help for it; you'll have to take her home with you, and keep her all night. But mind you, bring her down to the store with you bright and early.'

"All right, NAT.; you'll see her in the morning;' and so saying I put her under my over-coat, held her by the neck with one hand, and covered her body and tail as well as I could with the coat-skirts with my other hand, and propelled toward my esteemed uncle SHADWELL's house. Arrived there I rang the bell softly, and as the servant-maid opened the door I rushed in, nearly oversetting her, so great was my anxiety to reach my chamber unobserved; but my foot tripped over the door-mat, and falling, the hen-turkey shot out about six feet ahead of me into the entry.

"Och, shure, misther GIDEON, and are yiz afther bringing a babe inter the house?" asked BIDDY, as the flesh-colored mass shone out under the light of the hall-lamp.

"Keep quiet, BIDDY," said I, hastily picking up my turkey: 'it's not a baby, only a Christmas present;' and I darted up-stairs just as my esteemed uncle's snuff-colored coat was seen coming out of the parlor, and his voice came winding up-stairs:

"GIDEON, what is thee doing?"

"I fell on the stairs, uncle!" I shouted back; and so I was allowed to gain my chamber in the third-story back-room without any further impediment. It was a fine, clear, cold, moon-light night, and I determined I would hang the turkey out of the window, where I thought no one would see it, and take it in early in the morning, and after breakfast carry it down to the store and dispose of it as NAT. had proposed. Thinking over the turkey I soon fell asleep, and in my dreams I distinctly heard my esteemed uncle SHADWELL's voice saying:

"GIDEON, thee is very thoughtful to remember thy relations thus. There was need of a turkey, and thou hast brought it. Rise, take in thy fowl, and hand it to me, for thy aunt will see that it is hung up with care and drawn with neatness!"

"It's already drawn. I drew it to-night at a raf——" This I spoke out loud. A sharp rap at my chamber-door showed me that I had answered a question made in the body. I opened the door. There stood my uncle.

"GIDEON," said he; 'I was out in the garden, and happening to glance upward, I saw thy Christmas present for thy uncle hanging at thy bed-room window. Thee is very kind; thee need not wait till the morrow, but even give it to me now. I will confide it to thy Aunt PRUDENCE, and she will see that the cook draws it, and hangs it up in the area.'

'Had old SHADWELL turned a hose-pipe at me, and soaked me with water, he could n't have stunned me more. However, I made a virtue out of a necessity, and, taking in the turkey, I handed it to him.

"How much did thee give for it, GIDEON?"

"O uncle!" said I; "don't ask the price of a present." I did n't believe it would conform to his ideas of propriety had I told him that I won it at a raffle.

"Well, GIDEON, thee is one of the world's people, and have strange ways; but I wo n't press thee to know how much thee gave; perhaps thou hast been cheated; for the chicken-hucksters in the market worship Mammon. Let it go. I thank thee for thy present."

'And down stairs he went, while I returned to bed mad as a hornet, and yet in the intervals of anger ready to laugh at the ease with which my esteemed uncle had 'boned' that turkey. Next morning at breakfast, Aunt PRUDENCE greeted me with a smile and said:

"GIDEON, thee was very kind to present us with that turkey. We will have it for dinner to-day. So remember to come home early." I went down to the store, and when I had told NAT. of my misfortune, great was his wrath; however, he calmed down, and after abusing my esteemed uncle like a pickpocket, he brought out a bottle of whiskey, put some water on to boil on the stove, and in the interim we packed the goods. After we got through with this, NAT. brought out lemons and sugar, and in a few minutes we had the tallest kind of a punch brewed, and sat till dinner-time discussing its merits. Then we rose up, and with slightly clouded 'intellex' started for our different homes. When I reached Uncle SHADWELL's, and sat down to dinner, great was my disgust at seeing the turkey brought on boiled. A boiled turkey as a *piece de resistance* I despise. And Uncle SHADWELL! There he stood, carving-knife in hand, ready to go in and cut off the wings. Delusive hope! a hand-saw would have been more useful than that steel blade, sharp as it was. First slyly coquetting with the steel, Uncle SHADWELL next plunged the fork into the turkey, and then made his first cut at the turkey; he might as well have tried to cut out gun-flints with a razor! Uncle SHAD. grew red in the face; he, the man of peace, yet prince of carvers, not able to cut a turkey! He made a second attempt.

"GIDEON," said he, "the hucksters have proved too much for thee! They have sold thee an aged turkey."

"The punch was in my head, and as I looked round the table at the guests, (for two or three had been invited,) I answered very meekly:

"I thought she was tender and true!"

"Truly tough," replied my uncle, "but not tender. Thee and friends will have but a tough dinner to-day." And so it turned out; boiled leather would have been tender compared to it. But I had my revenge for losing my turkey in the sad-looking faces around me, and I came to the conclusion that the next time Uncle SHADWELL saw a turkey hanging by moon-light out of his nephew's window, he would n't at least have a Christmas dinner on the strength of it. So ended the fruits of my first turkey-affle!"

THE annexed lines were prefixed to the New-Year's Address of the carrier of '*The Age*,' a weekly journal published in Maine. They are very original and striking: and we are sorry that the kind correspondent from whom we derive them, did not permit us to see how the machine 'worked,' and what kind of poetry it 'turned out,' after it 'got under way:'

'The fire shines bright on the hearth at night,  
And the curtains drooping low  
Fling a rosy gleam o'er the Poet's dream,  
As his fancies come and go.

'His brow is pale, and the rattling hail  
That falls on the frosty pane,  
Can't break the sleep that his worn eyes keep,  
As if never to wake again.

'Yet hark! he hears, though with half-closed ears,  
On the door a rapping low,  
Still he turns not round at the gentle sound,  
But simply murmurs, 'POE!'

"'Tis only the bird that EDGAR heard,  
As he tapped at the window so,  
And I'm no craven to fear a Raven,  
Or let in a beggarly crow.'

'Hark! it raps again, and with might and main:  
The Poet awakes at last,  
And opens the door, as with angry roar  
The wild wind hurries past.

'Tis the CARRIER-BOY, who wishes him joy,  
And asks in a faltering tone,  
If he will write a few lines that night,  
And kindly give him the loan.

'The Poet looks wild at the blue-eyed child,  
Then clutches him by the hair,  
And makes him abide by the chimney-side,  
As he sinks back in his chair —

'Pulls up the machine, and with dreadful mien  
He oils each rusty wheel,  
Then seizes the crank, and with many a yank,  
Brings out a poetic squeal.'

How Yankee is 'yank!' THE other evening, coming up through the thick-ribbed ice in the steamer '*New-Haven*,' with our friend Captain HULSE, we observed in the saloon, standing upon a marble table, a beautiful *Pin-Tail Duck*. It was shot by the CAPTAIN on one of the great bayous of the Mississippi, and had been most admirably preserved by Mr. BELL, the celebrated Taxidermist. While we were examining the bird, and expressing our admiration of its glossy, gray-mottled plumage, Captain HULSE, with characteristic generosity, made us a present of it. With hearty thanks, we gave it 'acceptance bounteous,' and that same night took it home with us. It was placed upon a tall stand in the sanctum, of which pleasant apartment it at once established itself as a prominent and graceful ornament. In the morning, when MARY came in to 'dust' the apartment, she saw the bird; slipped quietly out, shutting the door carefully behind her, and said to Dame KNICK: 'O Ma'am! there's a beautiful duck in the sanctum, and I want to catch it! One of the windows is open onto the piazza, and I want to go out and shut it, to keep the duck in!' And out she went, and *did* shut the window and blind for that purpose. Now if this, which is an exact and literal fact, is not a tribute to Mr. BELL's skill, not to say *genius*, we do n't know what *could* be. The bird was truly 'as natural as life.' - - - THE correspondent who sends us the following pellucid and comprehensive '*Lecture on Truth*,' we rather suspect is personally acquainted with JOHN PHENIX, alias 'JOHN P. SQUIBOB:' certain it is, their *styles* are so much alike that you 'can't tell t' other from which.' Professor VAURIEN, it will be seen, (every body is a 'Professor' now-a-days,) nding himself, 'unexpectedly,' of course, invited, through the influence of his personal friend, the Hon. PRURIENT L. HALFJOHN, to deliver a moral lecture before the 'Biological Institute,' selected for the subject of his discourse the

application of the differential and integral calculus to TRUTH in general. The report has been received, through a letter from the author to an intimate friend :

'An intelligent and fashionable audience, consisting of the members of the Biological Society, their friends, and the representatives of the city press, having assembled, the lecturer was introduced by the Hon. PRURIENT L. HALFJOHN, with a few brief and felicitous remarks; after which, bowing urbanely to the ladies, and directing the summary expulsion of a rude boy who had crawled in at a window without paying, Professor VAURIEN commenced as follows :

'In a popular work, which may be found upon the centre-table of every lady, and in the library of every statesman — I need hardly say that I allude to the First Volume of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Infantry Tactics — the following striking paragraph occurs :

'The object of the *'about face'* is to face to the rear,'

'The contemplation of the singular fact thus evolved in the simple and forcible language of the great Poet, has developed some considerations upon the constitution of Truth, which I now propose to present perspicuously to your minds. In so doing, the naked truth will be exhibited, with a decent regard for public opinion, and the falsity of the assertion, made in one of the poems of COLEMAN and STEVENSON, that *'Truth lies in the bottom of a well,'* rendered apparent by a course of philosophical reasoning.

'By a beautiful application of the differential theory, the singular fact is demonstrated, that all integrals assume the forms of the atoms of which they are composed, with, however, in every case, the important addition of a *constant*, which, like the tail of a tadpole, may be dropped on certain occasions when it becomes troublesome. Hence, it will evidently follow, that space is round, though, in viewing it from certain positions, the presence of the cumbrous addendum may slightly modify the definiteness of its rotundity. To ascertain and fix the conditions under which, in the definite consideration of indefinite immensity, the infinitesimal incertitudes, which, homogeneously aggregated, compose the idea of space, admit of the compatible retention of this constant, would form a beautiful and healthy recreation for the inquiring mind : but, pertaining more properly to the metaphysician than to the ethical student, it cannot enter into the present discussion.

'It is here alluded to as the opening to a field of contemplation and investigation worthy the examination of those representatives of the nation, who have, at present, abundant leisure to devote to such vigorous mental exercise. Our immediate business is with the troublesome constant in its generality. We do not need to particularize; as PLINY the Elder remarked of the needle in the hay-mow : *'It will do to reason upon in bulk.'* Assuming, for present convenience, that facts are things, let us reason accordingly : deliberately, for time is eternal; and cautiously, for nothing can be more uncertain than facts, and the presence of the peculiar constant adds to the uncertainty instead of annulling it, integrals though facts be. As, in our small but efficient Navy, one man cannot, unassisted, be guilty of mutiny, so cannot his individual volition be creative of fact. In fact, fact cannot be created. It must preëxist, and to that preëxistence, as well as to the fact itself, must be attached and mentally comprehended the variable constant. That mental comprehension must be dual; of the mind that promulges, and of the soul that is impressed by it, both retaining, being integrals, the variable invariable. From these simple considerations we draw the substance of what vain mortals, each with his or her changeable constant attached, call TRUTH.

'TRUTH involves the inception of its preëxistence, followed by enunciation and comprehension, and accompanied in both mental essences, by homogeneous arrangements of accordant constants of variable constitution.

'With this clear view of an hitherto misunderstood conception, its positive applicability to the ordinary affairs of the world is rendered impracticable without an equally lucid consideration of attendant constants too numerous to be readily reconcilable with one another and with the subject under discussion. And under this difficulty has the world existed ever since the beginning of the precession of the equinoxes, and so it will continue to roll on while time shall last, accompanied by its ever-increasing swarm of variable invariables !

'Ingenious approximations are all that the patient investigator dares to substitute for the remote Truth, which, like the lost Pleiad, every one thinks he can see. So standeth the world gazing agape upon plethoric immensity and saying, *'There is Truth !'* The world, here alluded to, is an aggregation of individuals with their respective constants in various states of order and confusion. Suppose a communication from one of these head-quarters of reason and its reception by another :

Can condemnation be predicated, or odium exhale from the accidental incompatibility of the attached constants? Hardly. Does approbation confer upon such communication the property of indubitable veracity? Such were a far-stretched conclusion. Examine well your variable constants, and too often you will detect defects in their co-existent accordance.

'The subject admits of much deep thought and profound study, and is commended to the class before named as an occupation for eternity. These few hints may show the open path to deeper investigation, and those who value TRUTH may pursue it. Meanwhile let the broad mantle of charity enwrap your own and your fellow-mortals' errors. Seek patiently. Until the end is attained, condemn not rashly. May not your own constant be a little out of order?'

'Amid a storm of applause, I was borne by the Hon. PRURIENT L. into the next room, where the door-keeper was waiting to render his account of the evening. A hasty inspection of his book educed the gratifying fact that the receipts of the night amounted, over and above expenses, to the handsome sum of four dollars thirty-seven-and-a-half cents! But what are net receipts compared with fame!

'An embarrassing circumstance has, however, been brought to my notice. The committee of the Br. who got out the mammoth posters announcing the lecture, in order to secure a full house, rashly pledged in my name one thousand dollars to the Cabmen's Orphan Society, and the treasurer is even now awaiting the receipt thereof at the door. In this emergency my self-possession does not desert me. I am now busy painting my visage with a burnt cork, and PRURIENT has turned my coat wrong side out, so that I may pass him under the assumed character of GUMBO CHAFF. I shall discontinue lecturing. It has its annoyances. FLINT's new hat, which he so liberally lent me, 'for this night only,' has been used as a spittoon by a reporter during the whole evening. PRURIENT advises me to leave. He says he will procure me a mission to the Choctaws through his influence with the Sec. of the Int — (there! I had nearly betrayed his confidence,) with a distinguished person, the S-cr-t-ry of the I-t-r-or, and I will start to-morrow. When you get another letter you will know my whereabouts.'

*Apropos* of 'SQUIBOB:' his portrait in our last has excited universal cachination. An old and very popular correspondent writes as follows concerning it: 'Allow me to congratulate you on the remarkably accurate picture of Mr. JOHN P. SQUIBOB. It is a study. How I laughed, and could n't keep my eyes off him! Ask Mr. BURTON whether it would be possible to arrange a theatric mask which should be a fac-simile of that head? I will say nothing of the nose, the ear, the costume, and most elegant neck-collar; but the intellectual cast of the frontal bone, those grinders, few and far between, but important; that one eye, almost sealed, and the beautiful way in which the other peeps over the nose; together with that genial relaxation about the mouth, so that every iota of ivory is made to tell; yea, the whole represents (in a squinting manner which speaks 'wollums') the idea of a 'indiwiddle' who knows something, and combines with his knowledge a total eclipse and abrogation of the moral sense. - - - In the subjoined '*Song of the Sailor's Wife*,' just received from our friend and correspondent, the 'PEASANT-BARD,' there are tender thoughts, deftly expressed, which will find their way to the heart of many a wanderer on the great deep, not less than to many a watcher by the fireside or the 'lonely shore:'

'WHEN the soft south blew, and the banks green grew  
O'er SAGO, winding through to the sea;  
With a kiss and a smile, my sorrow to beguile,  
JAMIE left me, as he said, only for a little while;  
But a year it is gone, and the months onward creep:  
He's away where the gray billows play, on the deep!



'I look from the door, when the day is o'er,  
 On the star-spangled floor of the sky;  
 There's the Star of the Tar, in the blue North afar,  
 And I wonder if his eyes, too, up-looking yonder are;  
 So I look, and I muse; and I pray, and I weep:  
 He's away where the gray billows play, on the deep!

'When the cold winds beat, and the wintry sleet  
 Flits like a winding-sheet past the panes,  
 How I fear for my dear! — the waters wild appear  
 To be going o'er his bark! and his last adieu I hear —  
 'DEAR MARY!' — on the winds, as hollowly they sweep:  
 He's away where the gray billows play, on the deep!'

This song will make its 'water-mark.' - - - CHARLES LAMB speaks, in one of his essays, of 'the light and cheerful every-day interest in the affairs and goings-on of the world which makes the barber such delightful company.' And he goes on to say: 'In my comparison of professional temperaments, I hope no other trade will take offence, or look upon it as an incivility done to them, if I say, that in courtesy, humanity, and all the conversational and social graces which 'gladden life,' I esteem no profession comparable to the barber's. I bear great good will and affection to this useful and agreeable body of men. My truly polite and urbane friend, Mr. A —, in Fleet-street, will forgive my mention of him in particular. I can truly say, that I never passed a half-hour under his hands, without deriving some profit from the agreeable discussions always going on there.' Now how true this of *our* barber, and *our* barber's saloon, our 'familiar place' for sixteen years! Mr. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, at Number twelve, Ann-street, near the American Museum, has heard more 'good things' from politicians, poets, editors, etc., than would fill a big volume; and all the while his soft hand was removing beards without the knowledge of the wearers, or deftly rolling up, in graceful curls, or trimming artistically the flowing locks of his thousand customers, or mayhap laying out the 'metes and bounds' of a graceful moustache. - - - WELL done! — or as AMIN-ADAB SLEEK says in the 'Serious Family,' 'Abomina-a-tion!' Here 'comes up' a correspondent, (following in the wake of a contemporary who has labored to prove that we *have* a BOURBON, but *no* SHAKSPEARE among us,) with an effort to prove that what has been called 'The Puritans' never existed! What then becomes of 'Plymouth-Rock,' that 'Blarney-Stone' of all 'Yankeedom?' Why, that celebrated boulder can be none other than a sort of adamantine 'Mrs. HARRIS:'

'AGES have rolled away since JASON and the Argonauts set out on their famed expedition, perpetuated to us by history and wreathed by poetry with charms which will never decay.

'Not quite lost in the far distant past, its sacred reminiscences, tragic and romantic, still linger behind, like the reflected rays of the sun when it has set, or like the odorous memento which the skunk bequeaths when his heroic deeds are among the things that were, and his spirit has returned to the place of its origin. But Truth, not only stranger but stronger than fiction, has knocked this fantastic tale back into its pristine nothingness and taught us to feed our fancy on more substantial food.

'Less than two hundred and fifty years ago, *our* Argonauts were in the world, and made a voyage which CLIO treasured up in her store-house, wherewith for centuries to feed the credulity of her worshippers. Why should we transport our thoughts into the days of



Greece's incipient existence, and task our brains over the wild fancies that emanated from that land of poetic day-dreams, when this great modern miracle lies at our own doors unexamined? Is there more reason why we should unhesitatingly gulp down the story of the 'May-Flower,' than that of the Argo? Surely this age which can make the Trojan War a myth, the foundation of Rome an old woman's story, SHAKESPEARE but a name, and BONAPARTE a saint, ought not to shrink from this question, equal in interest to them all, and engaging, as it does, all our feelings of sympathy, love, and admiration.

'A company of one hundred, we are told, left their native country at the commencement of a severe winter, poorly provided with food and clothing, in search of a land of which they had heard, but knew almost nothing, expecting to brave, at their arrival, the attacks of a savage and resistless foe: the motive prompting them being a religious feeling, and the ultimate result of their voyage the United States! It was a cunning tale. Such an expedition must have been romantic in the extreme. We read of it as we read of the exploits of ÆNEAS, or ROBINSON CRUSOE. Then, too, there is sentiment in it. The idea of those hardy men and women giving up home and friends for the sake of enjoying their religious convictions, is truly touching. But above all, we love the story because it relates to our own ancestors. Why should *we* give it up? Who ever heard of a Greek's discarding the tales of ancient Greece? What Roman ever ceased to believe in the wolf-suckled ROMULUS, or nymph-inspired POMPILIUS? What Englishman does not boast of the deer-stealing SHAKESPEARE? But let us set a different example. Why should we wait for future generations to ridicule our selfish superstition? If we laugh at ALEXANDER bending in reverence over the tomb of an imaginary ACHILLES, shall we be found weeping over these traditionary legends, eulogizing these myths, and worshipping abstractions?

'It is time that poetry should be separated from history, and that, in judging of past events, we should be guided, not by sentiment or passion, but by the immutable laws of probability. We have the records of the Pilgrims, it may be said. True, and so we have of the life of SHAKESPEARE; but who does not know, at least within the last two months, that SHAKESPEARE was an 'airy nothing,' to which can no longer be given 'a local habitation and a name'? The truth of the records must rest on tradition. How, then, are we better off than we should be with the tradition alone? In such matters we must be our own judges. Does it, then, seem to us probable that the Pilgrims should leave just at the beginning of winter; that they should choose for their future residence a bleak, uninhabited wilderness; that they would do this for the sake of a new-fangled notion, and that, in less than two centuries, the matured result of such a wild exploit should be the most powerful republic on earth? Divested of our prejudices, we can give this question only a negative answer. But *sat verbum sapientibus*. The bare suggestion of the subject will doubtless free all inquiring minds from the dominion of this superstition, so that this shall prove to be in history, if not in philosophy, truly a BACONIAN era.'

Sons of the Pilgrims! to the rescue! - - - 'Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.,' has nearly completed a '*Pome*,' entitled 'TIRKLE.' It is an astonishing performance, even for *him*, and will eclipse all his previous effusions. The following is the 'great Argument:': *Part First*, describes the Home of the MUD-TIRKLE, before AMBITION made him her sport and prey. *Part Second* depicts the lordly SEA-TIRKLE; his rapacious and cruel disposition, intimidating even the whale and sword-fish; and his habit of coming ashore to lay eggs! In *Part Third*, the MUD-TIRKLE sees his huge rival; is stricken with envy; miserable by the conviction that he can never hope to equal him, he finally pines away and dies! What a field for PEPPERIAN 'genus!' - - - Some years ago there was a man, and a rare wag he must have been, who lived

'FOREST TRAGEDY, AND OTHER TALES,' is the title of a very handsome volume, from the popular press of MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston. 'GRACE GREENWOOD' (Mrs. LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia, conductor of that charming and instructive juvenile journal, '*The Little Pilgrim*') is the author. We like it even better than her 'Greenwood Leaves,' which established her reputation as an easy, graceful writer, with an observant eye for all the beautiful works of God, and a heart with which the common pulse of humanity keeps time. '*A Forest Tragedy, or the Oneida Sisters*,' is an Indian story, founded on actual occurrences during the time of the American revolution. The description of Indian female character is feminine and truthful; such as no one but a woman's heart could conceive, or a female pen describe. The story is one of exceeding interest. '*The Minister's Choice*' will please every young lady who wants to get married. Does n't this include a goodly number of readers? 'Expect so!' It is a very clever love-story, and its incidents well told. '*St. Pierre, the Soldier*,' '*Alice's Tryst*,' and '*The Child-Secr*,' complete the volume; but we have only space left, in this brief record of new publications, to commend the volume before us to the attention of our readers.

THE 'SUNDAY DISPATCH.' — We perceive, by the daily journals, that Mr. C. B. BURKHARDT has become one of the proprietors of this large, well-conducted, widely-circulated, and justly popular Sunday Gazette. Mr. BURKHARDT holds a ready pen, which for several years has been employed upon the paper to which he is now permanently attached. We congratulate his co-proprietors, the public, and himself upon this undoubted enhancement of the interests of each and all. The 'DISPATCH' was never more full and various in its contents, or better conducted than under its present auspices.

THE KANSAS REGION. — A recent work upon this region, from the press of Messrs. FOWLERS AND WELLS, can hardly fail of attracting much attention at this time, when so much public interest is felt in the information which it presents in a comprehensive and yet condensed form. It is, in fact, a compendious and faithful description of the scenery and climate of Kansas, with an exhibit of the character of its indigenous productions, the capabilities of its soil, the facilities it provides for trade, to which information are added the results of experience and extended observation, so far as these affect the well-being of pioneers and others.

\*.\* Of certain of the following publications, we desired much to have 'our say' on the present occasion: we can however but mention, at this time, their reception and their titles: PARSONS' 'Life of Sir WILLIAM PEPPERRELL'; 'Dreams and Realities of a Pastor and Teacher'; 'RACHEL GRAY,' a Novel; READ's Poem, 'House by the Sea'; SMITH's 'Tour in Chili'; 'The Prince of the House of DAVID'; KINGSLEY's 'Sermons for the Times'; THACKERAY's Ballads; 'Plain Talk on Home Matters'; 'Heart and Home Truths'; 'The Day-Star'; CATHERN's 'History of Ancient Woodbury'; 'The Three Marriages, a Novel'; WILSON's Logic; THOMPSON's 'Christian Theism'; 'Miss BUNKLEY, the Escaped Novice'; WILSON's 'Mexico and its Religion'; 'LUCY BOSTON,' a Novel; 'DR. ANTONIO,' a Tale; 'The Sacerdotal Tithes'; JOHNSON's 'Instructions for the Analysis of Soils'; HUDSON's SHAKSPEARE; 'Teaching of Scripture and The Church of Holy Baptism'; 'Address and Poem before the Sigma Phi Fraternity,' at the General Convention, Geneva; MILES' 'Postal Reform'; BURRALL's 'Address before the Laurel-Hill Association of Stockbridge, Mass.'; J. M. SCOVELL's Lecture upon 'Literary Success'; PETERSON's Illustrated 'Library of Humorous American Works'; 'Woman's Faith'; 'The Lost Hunter'; 'The Creole Orphans'; SPALDING's 'True Idea of Female Education'; 'Tolla, a Tale of Modern Rome'; Hon. E. JOY MORRIS's Remarks in the Legislature of Pennsylvania on moving a Vote of Thanks to Dr. KANE, of the Sir JOHN FRANKLIN Discovery-Expedition; 'Sketches of the City of Detroit, Past and Present'; 'The Letters of Madame DE SEVIGNE'; 'Unison of the Liturgy'; 'The Widow BEDOTT Papers'; 'The Attaché in Madrid'; 'The Sacred Plains'; 'Diary of the late AMOS LAWRENCE'; 'A Journey in the Seaboard States'; 'Our Cousin Veronica'; 'The Works of CHARLES LAMB'; 'The City Architect'; PORTER's 'Reader'; WILLIS's 'Church Music'; HENRY's 'Elements of Psychology'; BROWNING's 'Men and Women'; LOSSING's 'National History'; with others, which we lack present space even to mention.